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# Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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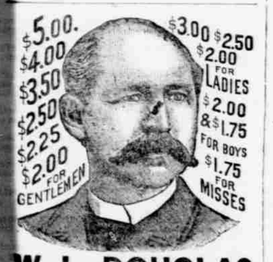


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## WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things that a boy can do
He can whistle so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck
As well as a rooster, hen or duck.
He can bark like a dog, he can loo like a cow,
And a cat itself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped and plain;
He can thunder by as a railway train,
Stop at the stations a breath and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all of his powers in such command
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments every played,
As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and keeping still.
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place if there were no boys.
—Chicago Post.

## BRADLEY'S FAILURE

### Why He Did Not Perform the Task Assigned Him.

"If I only had the courage," said Bradley, as he looked over the stone parapet of the embankment at the dark waters of the Thames as they flashed for a moment under the glitter of the gaslight and then disappeared in the black night to flash again further down.

"Very likely I would struggle to get out again the moment I went over," he muttered to himself. "But if no help came it would all be done in a minute. Two minutes, perhaps. I'll warrant those two minutes would seem an eternity. I would see a hundred ways of making a living if I could only get out again. Why can't I see one now while I am out? My father committed suicide; why shouldn't I? I suppose it runs in the family. There seems to come a time when it is the only way out. I wonder if he hesitated? I'm a coward, that's the trouble."

After a moment's hesitation the man slowly climbed on the top of the stone wall and then paused again. He looked with a shudder at the gloomy river.

"I'll do it," he cried aloud, and was about to slide down when a hand grasped his arm and a voice said:

"*What* will you do?"

In the light of the gas-lamp Bradley saw a man whose face seemed familiar, and although he thought rapidly: "Where have I seen that man before?" he could not place him.

"Nothing," answered Bradley, sullenly.

"That's right," was the answer. "I'd do nothing of that kind if I were you."

"Of course you wouldn't. You have every thing that I haven't—food, clothes, shelter. Certainly you wouldn't. Why should you?"

"Why should you, if it comes to that?"

"Because ten shillings stands between me and a job. That's why, if you want to know. There's eight shillings railway fare, a shilling for something to eat to-night and a shilling for something in the morning. But I haven't the ten shillings and so that's why."

"If I give you the ten shillings what assurance have I that you will not go and get drunk on it?"

"None at all. I have not asked you for ten shillings, nor for one. I have simply answered your question."

"That is true. I will give you a pound if you will take it, so if unfortunately you spent half of it in cheering yourself up, you will still get that job. What is the job?"

"I am a carpenter."

"You are welcome to the pound."

"I will take it gladly. But, mind you, I am not a beggar. I will take it if you give me your address, so that I may send it back to you when I earn it."

By this time Bradley had come down on the pavement. The other man laughed slightly.

"I can not agree to that. You are welcome to the money. More if you like. I merely doubled the sum you mentioned to provide for any thing unseen."

"Unless you let me return it, I will not take the money."

"I have perfect confidence in your honesty. If I had not I would not offer the money. I can not give you my address, or, rather, I will not. If you will pay the pound to some charity or will give it to some one who is in need I will be satisfied. If you give it to the right man and tell him to do the same, the pound will do more good than ever it will in my pocket or in my usual way of spending it."

"But how are you to know I will do that?"

"I am considered rather a good judge of men. I am certain you will do what you say."

"I will take the money. I doubt if there is any one in London to-night who needs it much worse than I do."

Bradley looked after the disappearing figure of the man who had befriended him.

"I have seen that man somewheres before," he said to himself. But in that he was wrong. He hadn't.

Wealth is most unevenly and most unfairly divided. All of us admit that, but few of us agree as to what should be the remedy. Some of the best minds of the century have been in doubt as to what is the true remedy. "The poor ye have always with you" is as true to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Where so many are in doubt it is perhaps a comfort to meet men who have no uncertainty as to the cause and the remedy. Such a body of men met in a back room off Soho Square.

"We are waiting for you, Bradley," said the chairman, as the carpenter took his place and the doors were locked. He looked better than he had done a year before on the Thames embankment.

"I know I'm late, but I couldn't help it. They are rushing things at the exhibition grounds. The time is short now, and they are beginning to be anxious for fear every thing will not be ready in time."

"That's it," said one of the small group, "we are slaves and must be late or early as the so-called masters choose."

"Oh, there is extra pay," said Bradley, with a smile, as he took a seat.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, rapping on the desk, "we will now proceed to business. The secret committee has met and made a resolution. After the lots are drawn it will be my task to inform the man chosen what the job is. It is desirable that as few as possible, even among ourselves, should know who the man is who has drawn the marked paper. Perhaps it may be my own good fortune to be the chosen man. One of the papers is marked with a cross. Whoever draws that paper is to communicate with me at my room within two days. He is to come alone. It is commanded by the committee that no man is to look at his paper until he leave this room and then to examine it in secret. He is bound by his oath to tell no one at any time whether or not he is the chosen man."

The papers were put into a hat and each man in the room drew one. The chairman put his in his pocket as did the others. The doors were unlocked and each man made his way to his home.

Next evening Bradley called at the room of the chairman and said: "There is the marked paper which I drew last night."

The exposition building was gay with bunting and was sonorous with the sounds of a band. The machinery that would not stop for six months was still motionless, for it was to be started in an hour's time by his Highness. His Highness and suite had not yet arrived, but the building was crowded by a well-dressed throng of invited guests—the best in the land as far as fame and money went. Underneath the grand stand where his Highness and the distinguished guests were to make speeches and where the finger of nobility was to press the electric button, Bradley walked anxiously about with the same haggard look on his face that was there the night he thought of slipping into the Thames. The place underneath was a wilderness of beams and braces. Bradley's wooden tool chest stood on the ground against one of the timbers. The foreman came through and struck a beam or a brace here and there.

"Every thing is all right," he said to Bradley. "There will be no trouble, even if it *was* put up in a hurry and in spite of the strain that will be on it today."

Bradley was not so sure of that, but he said nothing. When the foreman left him alone he cautiously opened the lid of his tool chest and removed the carpenter's apron which covered something in the bottom. This something was a small box with a clock work arrangement and a small miniature uplifted hammer that hung like the sword of Damocles over a little copper cap. He threw the apron over it again, closed the lid of the chest, leaned against one of the timbers, folded his arms and waited.

Presently there was a tremendous cheer and the band struck up. "He is coming," said Bradley to himself and closed his lips tighter. "Carpenter," cried the policeman, putting in his head through the little wooden door at the foot of the stage; "come here, quick. You can get a splendid sight of his Highness as he comes up the passage." Bradley walked to the opening and gazed at the distinguished procession coming toward him. Suddenly he grasped the arm of the policeman like a vise.

"Who is that man in the robes—at the head of the procession?"

"Don't you know? That is his Highness."

Bradley gazed for breath. He recognized his Highness as the man as he had met on the embankment.

"Thank you," he said to the policeman, who looked at him curiously. Then he went under the grand stand among the beams and braces and leaned up against one of the timbers with knitted brows.

After a few moments he stepped to his chest, pulled out the apron and carefully lifted out the machine. With a quick jerk he wrench off the little hammer and flung it from him. The machinery inside whirred for a moment with a soft purr like a clock running down. He opened the box and shook out into his apron a substance like damp sawdust. He seemed puzzled for awhile what to do with it. Finally he took it out and scattered it along the grass-grown slope of a railway cutting. Then he returned to his tool chest, took out a chisel and grimly felt its edge with his thumb.

It was admitted on all hands that his Highness never made a better speech in his life than on the occasion of the opening of that exhibition. He touched lightly on the country's unexampled prosperity, of which the marvelous collection within those walls was an indication. He alluded to the general contentment that reigned among the classes to whose handiwork was due the marvelous collections there exhibited. His Highness was thankful that the unfortunate state of affairs that was unhappily prevalent in other countries could hardly be said to affect our own land. Then there was a good many light touches of humor in the discourse that is so pleasing when they come from people in high places. In fact, the chairman said at the club afterwards (confidentially, of course) that the man who wrote his Highness speeches had in that case quite outdone himself.

The papers had very full accounts of the opening of the show next morning, and perhaps because they occupied so much space there was such little room for the announcement about the man who committed suicide. The papers did not say where the body was found, except that it was near the exhibition buildings, and his Highness never knew that he made that excellent speech directly over the body of a dead man. — Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

### The Height of Clouds.

Prof. Moller, of Carlsruhe, has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirro-stratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 feet to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower clouds reach to between 3,000 feet and 7,000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, while their summits rise to 16,000 feet. The tops of the Alps are often hidden by clouds of the third class, but the bottom of the clouds of the second class, and especially of the thunder clouds, often enfold them. The vertical dimensions of a cloud observed by Prof. Moller on the Nolleberg was over 1,200 feet; he stepped out of it at a height of about 5,700 feet, and high above the mountain floated clouds of the middle class, while vails of mist lay in the ravines and clefts. The upper clouds were growing thicker, while the lower ones were dissolving, and soon it began to rain and snow.—London Daily News.

## A MISUNDERSTANDING.

### Why Sylvia Told Her Escort She Loved Another.

"Going to the literary to-night?" Bob Benham nodded.

"Who are you taking?"

"Sylvia Merigold."

"Oh!" said Reuben Bassett.

The single word was uttered so despondently that Benham looked up at his cousin in a manner half questioning, half quizzical.

Blushing like a girl Reuben met the glance.

"You seem to have all the luck, Bob!"

"I don't think it's so much luck as pluck," averred young Benham with a laugh.

The mirth of Christmas was over. The milder exhilaration of New Year's Day was also a thing of the past. January was contemplating abdication in favor of February. The day was bitter and brilliant. The glitter of the frozen snow and the intense and cloudless blue of the sky made one's eyes ache. It was Saturday, and the main street of the little country town was crowded with teams, saddle-horses and ponderous farm wagons.

Just outside the post-office—which was also a general store—Benham and Bassett had met. They were typical young Western farmers, high-booted, slouch-hatted, roughly-clad. But their attire belied their prosperity. They were singularly alike in appearance. Both were tall and heavily built. Both were beardless, and had the same regular, if rather heavy features. And both spoke in the same deep, quiet voice. But while Benham's whole manner and expression indicated jaunty self-confidence, Bassett's were gentle to the verge of timidity.

"Look here, Bob," said the latter, suddenly, "are you in earnest in that quarter?"

"Why?"

"Only this: I had an idea you were engaged to Lillie Dix, that pretty little schoolmarm back in Illinois."

"Yes," answered Bob, simply and squarely, "I am."

"Then why," demanded Reuben, in quick exasperation, "are you taking Sylvia Merigold around?"

"For several reasons," avowed Benham, promptly. "In the first place she is a nice little girl; in the second, the Merigolds are our nearest neighbors; in the third, she has no one but me to take her anywhere. Her folks don't want her to go out with the Correy boys, and she likes amusement. So I take her. But I'm not in love with her and she's not in love with me."

Reuben looked relieved, but not convinced.

"Does she know about Lillie?"

"No, but I'd just as soon she did. I'm to be married in the spring."

"That so?" cried Reuben, with a delighted smile.

They shook hands heartily.

"So you needn't trouble yourself to be jealous of me!" declared Bob, nodding pleasantly. "Why in the world don't you ask her to go to meeting and to the literary with you? I shan't stand in your way."

"Oh, she wouldn't!"

"How do you know?"

"She never has a word to say to me."

"As far as I've seen, you never have a word to say to her! You are dumb as an oyster when you meet her. And I notice you hardly ever ask her to dance. What you need, Rube, is nerve!"

Reuben laughed, thrusting his hands deep down in his overcoat pockets.

"Perhaps so!"

"Tell you what," said Bob, suddenly struck with an inspiration, "*you* go to the literary to-night and take Sylvia!"

"I!" with a gasp.

"You! We can fix it in this way: I'll call and tell her that I have to go to Grossland to-night, and that you will take her in my stead. How's that?"

Reuben had grown radiant.

"Grand—for me. But she," stammering sadly, "she wouldn't like it."

"Try," suggested Benham, dryly.

Some further conversation they had on the subject. Then they separated. And Reuben's heart was lighter and more hopeful than it had been for many a day.

The crowd melted away. The town street was deserted. Dark and cold the night closed in. When capped, coated and muffled Reuben Bassett jumped into his cutter and drove off in the direction of the Merigolds his pulses were beating rapidly. How would she receive him! Would she be angry and refuse to go?

But Sylvia, calmly dressing in her own little nest of a room up under the eaves of the old farm-house, had no thought of being angry and no intention of refusing to go.

Jingle! jangle! jingle!

She was just completing her toilet when she heard the cheery sound. She stood on tip-toe and glanced at herself in the mirror, a black-bound and ancient piece of furniture, which, truth to tell, gave back a rather distorted reflection of the pretty young face consulting it. But Sylvia was acquainted with its peculiarities and never unreservedly accepted its verdict. Now she nodded gayly to the wavy countenance confronting her.

"You look very nice, Sylvia," she said.

She was trim and slim and dark-haired, with short curls clustering around the white forehead, and a bright, sweet, *brune* little face. And in her dress of crimson cashmere, all trimmed with silver braid, she certainly did look quite picturesque and charming.

"Sylvia!" called her mother

"Coming!" she cried.

She pulled on her jacket, tied on her white zephyr hood, and catching up her mittens ran down the steep stairway to the kitchen. Ten minutes later she was out beside the sleigh, where, in an agony of diffidence and delight, Reuben Bassett waited. He sprang out, helped her in. Then the team trotted briskly off.

Jingle! jangle! jingle

There was no other sound for awhile. Reuben felt himself relapsing into his usual nervous silence. He made a heroic attempt at conversation.

"It is a beautiful night," he said

His voice sounded husky and strange to himself. This was his first drive, first real tete-a-tete with the girl he loved.

"Is it?" she cried, with a silvery laugh. "Now I think it's rather cold and dark?"

This was rather discouraging. What, Reuben wondered rather dejectedly, would Bob have said next?

"The moon will be up pretty soon," he murmured.

How horribly fast the horses were going. He felt tremendously grateful to Bob for giving him this opportunity. If he only had enough courage to profit by it!

"Do you know," he said, "I was afraid you'd be offended at my coming."

"Offended!" she echoed. "Why, I was glad you thought of bringing me."

"It's very good of you to say so."

She was a trifle puzzled by his embarrassment.

"We are going to have a fine night after all," she remarked; "the stars are coming out."

The little face in the white zephyr hood was upturned to the kindling sky. And then, very suddenly, he did an extraordinarily strange thing for a bashful man to do. He never afterward could comprehend how he had been valorous enough for such an act. He bent and kissed the girl beside him.

She drew back trembling.

"You have no right to do that!" she cried.

"Give me the right," he pleaded, grown bold all at once. "I'm awfully in love with you, Sylvia. Give me the right."

"I can not," she whispered

"Why not?"

She was silent. Distinctly sounded the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the hard, white road. Onward the sleigh sped, by farms and fences and a few red-gold window panes.

"Is there," he asked, "any one else?"

She hesitated.

"Yes."

His heart sank like lead. There was no hope for him, then. In silence they drove on. The moon had risen and was swinging up the sky, a globe of pearl.

Evidently they were late. When they reached the small wooden school-house where the reunions were held they saw several teams hitched without. From the windows of the structure the light streamed. They could catch a pleasant murmur of voices.

Brighter the moonlight had grown. As Bassett assisted Sylvia to alight she started, cried out.

"What is it?" he asked.

His face was pale, and, she fancied, rather stern.

"Is it *you?*" she panted, "Reuben Bassett?"

"Who," he asked, a quiver in his grave voice, "did you think it was?"

She had not withdrawn the hand she had given him when about to descend. Now it fluttered in his like a captured bird.

"I thought," she faltered, "I was with your cousin!"

"Bob Benham?"

"Yes."

He went a step nearer.

"Sylvia," he questioned, a queer, wild hope tugging at his sorrowful soul and making him desperately brave, "did you mean 'no' to him?"

He could hardly hear her low assent.

"And the—the man you cared for—"

He broke off. She leaned towards him. She held out her little mittened hands to him. Blushing and tearful in the radiant winter moonlight, her tender young face smiled down upon him. Never a word she said. He needed none.

"Darling!" he said, and sprang into the sleigh.

"You don't care to go in?"

"No—oh, no!"

Just then the door of the school-house was opened. Light billowed mellowly forth. Those within called to them to hurry, that a debate was in progress. But Reuben snatched up the reins, shouted out a laughing refusal and turned his horses homeward. He was not at all timid now. Indeed, it was astonishing how assertive and masterful he had suddenly become.

"Why did you ignore me so? You never were civil to me, dearest."

"The idea of reproaching me, when you used hardly to notice me!"

"That was because I loved you so!"

"Well, perhaps I was afraid you would think that I *liked* you!"

And then they both laughed out happily like the blissful and ridiculous young people they were.

Such a splendid ride as that was! Surely never the stars shone so superbly, or was the air so sweet!

The following day Reuben went to see his cousin.

"Hello," he cried. "Why didn't you tell Sylvia that you couldn't go last night?"

"Had no chance. Got stuck in a snow-drift, and didn't get home till nine. What's up?"

For Reuben was beaming.

"Congratulate me!"

He held out his han

"You don't mean," cried Bob, thunderstruck, "that you're engaged to Sylvia?"

"Oh, yes, I do."

"Well," declared Bob, with a vigorous handshake and a friendly grin, "I must say that you have done famously—for a bashful man!"—Kate M. Cleary, in Detroit Free Press.

### Score Better Than Dozen.

Any person who will be at the trouble of a little observation, can hardly fail of being surprised at the amount of delay, and often the positive inconvenience, arising from the adherence to the use of the dozen and the half-dozen in small transactions, as though people were restrained by high and occult reasons from buying four, five, eight or ten of any thing. Plainly, therefore, the dozen should have taken its departure long ago with the old shilling-and-pence system of which it was a constituent part, and of which at present it is only a relic. Now, a proper unit of count is a convenience in some kinds of retail trade; and, fortunately, we have such a unit in the score of twenty, a measure which is as old as the English language. The score possesses, for us Americans, certain obvious advantages over the dozen, for easy reckoning, because, like the dollar, it has a half, a quarter, a fifth and a tenth, in whole numbers.—Boston Transcript.

### The Life of Trees.

Recent information gathered by the the German Forestry Commission assigns to the pine tree 500 and 700 years as the maximum, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red beech, 210 to the aspen, 200 to the birch, 170 to the ash, 145 to the alder and 130 to the elm. The heart of the oak begins to rot at about the age 300 years. The holly oak alone escapes this law, it is said, and there is a specimen of this aged 410 years in existence near Aschaffenburg in Germany.—Chicago Times.

## THE OLD CLERK.

As he bends o'er the ledger that shining old head,
Which reflects every mood of the sky,
While he stealthily blackens the figures in red
(The tabulate of an age bedimmed ego),
Oft I wonder how time will effect his release,
What he'll do when we vote him "too slow;"
'Tween the days that his use and his heart beating cease
Where will the old clerk go?

One can learn of the temperate days that are gone
From the rollingpin rule and quill pen;
And he answers to "Tutsy" at 70,
As he answered to "Tutsy" at 10.
From its first infant struggles, to credit and wealth,
He has watched the great enterprise grow;
But his hand trembles now—he is broken in health;
Yet—where can the old clerk go?

If each pound of success had but left him a grain
What a nugget of rest he might own;
But a lonely old heart and a weary old brain
Are his meed for the years that have flown.
Every blossom he loved in the heyday of life
Has been withered and fled 'neath the snow;
And e'en memory's barred from this hostile and strife
Then where should the old clerk go?

That the world has a duect none will seek to deny,
And it softens, 'tis said, year by year;
At the end of full many a wasteful wild spree
Golden promises of comfort and cheer.
"There's a sweet little shelter" that stores poor, old Jack
To a "full heart" where storms cease to blow;
But when drops for the last time the pale on its rack
Where can the old clerk go?

—Thomas Frost, in N. Y. Herald.

## LUCY'S POCKET.

### What Its Contents Disclosed, and the Vow She Made.

"Now, Lucy," admonished a sweet-faced woman, sitting idly by the window and watching her daughter as she put the finishing touches to a most bewitching toilet, "I trust you will give heed to my counsel, and not excite jealousy in the hearts of your companions to-day. Be circumspect; and don't, I pray, give any encouragement to Bob Lester, unless you mean to marry him. Your flirting proclivities, I am sorry to say, are alarmingly developed. I wish—"

"Yes, yes, mamma," broke in the girl, impatiently, adjusting the rose-colored knot of ribbon more satisfactorily at her white throat; "I know what you wish, so don't draw such a despairing breath, for I promise I'll attend to your advice and behave as circumspectly as over Rose Martin, the ugliest girl in Rosedale, could do. You needn't apprehend any thing unpleasant. I dislike Bob Lester intensely, and I only consented to accompany him to the picnic because he is the son of the richest man in the town—or county, too, for that matter. Besides, I have a penchant for—"

She paused abruptly, with the name of some one warm upon her lips, and a blush mantled her piquant blonde faces.

She was a lovely girl, slender, petite and graceful as one of the sweet-brier branches that clambered over the garden wall. She had mischievous gray eyes, a superabundance of red-gold hair, allowed to fall in two massive strands to-day, a rosebud of a mouth, and a pair of aristocratic hands and feet unaginable.

As her mother regarded her intently, she bit her lip and turned aside, as if in quest of something.

"What are you searching for now, Lucy?" inquired Mrs. Sherwood. "Your toilet seems complete."

"Not quite, mamma; you forget my charming pocket. All the girls will wear one to-day. We are to bring home our trophies in it, you know."

"Nonsense, Lucy! I would not wear it if I were you. It is absurd for a young lady to have one of those useless appendages dangling at her side."

But Lucy persistently shook her head.

"Sorry, but I really can't relinquish the charming accessory to my toilet, mamma. Why, it is out of the question altogether. Each of the girls is to wear one, I tell you."

Mrs. Sherwood said no more, and Lucy began to fasten her pocket by its tasseled cord to the rose-colored belt at her waist.

Just now the girls of Rosedale had a mania for wearing pockets of the most fanciful description, not to deposit any thing therein, but merely as a matter of show. Lucy's was heart-shaped, of wine-hued velvet, and artistically adorned with gold cord, lying against the soft background of her dress, it had a very pretty effect, and Lucy regarded it admiringly as she turned away from the long mirror.

At this juncture a man reined in two spirited black steeds in front of "The Maples," as Widow Sherwood's cosy place was appropriately called.

"There is Mr. Lester now, mamma," cried Lucy, who was slyly peeping at the showy turnout from behind the lace drapery at the window. "My! won't I be the envy of every girl at the picnic? What lovely horses! Their tails nearly sweep the ground, and just look at the silver-plated harness! Dear me! if Bob Lester didn't have such fiery-red hair and was a bit more polished, and— Yes, yes, mamma, I am ready, and will not keep my cavalier waiting. There goes Jane with the big frosted cake and the basket of sandwiches. Oh, I anticipate a splendid time!"

And, putting on her wide gypsy, the girl tripped merrily down the steps, was assisted into the carriage by Mr. Lester, and away they sped in the direction of the pine woods, some two or three miles away.

Bob Lester, a man of twenty-eight, compactly built, with flaming red hair and beard, did his best to make himself agreeable. Lucy laughed at his rough sallies, and flashed back witty repartees; but all the while she was wondering what girl had been brought there by Ross Wilde—a strikingly intelligent but rather impecunious young lawyer whose offer to escort her to the picnic out of caprice or a desire, perhaps, to try her power over him, she had coolly rejected.

The pine woods were alive with happy people when Bob and Lucy arrived; much merriment was going on, and a string band was discoursing a most jubilant air.

Lucy closely scanned the motley crowd. There, underneath one of the million-fingered pines, she beheld the man who had solicited the favor of being her escort assiduously paying his *devoirs* to a gazelle-eyed brunette in a costume of crimson and gold. Yes, she might have known he would bring Squire Rogers' daughter. He would be sure to be entangled in the meshes of the web she was weaving to insnare him, and propose, for her father was a moneyed man, and— Well, Madame Rumor did assert that he cared a very great deal for money. The girl was unquestionably lovely, and— No matter; she would show Ross Wilde that his attentions were disagreeable to her. So she forgot her mother's warning and flirted outrageously with Bob Lester, and unmercifully snubbed the poor lawyer when he addressed her, and felt wretched all the while.

It was late in the afternoon, when, longing to be alone, she broke away from the groups scattered here and there under the funereal pine-plumes, and found a secluded spot on the bank of a rivulet that wound its way noisily through a chasm of jagged, sharp-toothed rocks, and sat down on a moss-covered boulder to rest.

The play of the cool water, the sighing of the wind among the jungles of tall brakes, soothed her. She partially closed her eyes, when—

She started to her feet, a startled exclamation dropping from her lips. She had just discovered that the ruby velvet pocket that had swayed from her belt a short time before was missing. Where had she lost it? And, oh, what if it had fallen into some one's hands, especially Bob Lester's or Ross Wilde's?

She remembered that her little blue-and-gold diary reposed in its depths, and she had been foolish enough to jot down some thoughts concerning the rivals, never believing it would fall into the possession of either.

What if Bob or Ross had picked it up, and— No, no; both of the gentlemen were honorable, and would not try to pry into another's affairs. Still, reason as she would, she did not feel quite easy about Mr. Lester. He might not, but—

A heavy footstep crunching the pine cones that littered the ground fell upon her ear, and raising her eyes she encountered the malignant glance of Bob Lester. What had brought that angry frown to his face? Had he found the pocket, extracted from its depths the diary, which she had not been wise enough to remove, and gleaned the truth of her feelings for him?

He had, indeed. Some perverse fate had led him to the spot where it lay gleaming in its brown bed like some brilliantly tinted bird of paradise. He recognized it at once, and, stooping down, he picked it up, with the intention of restoring it to its owner, when from its mouth the tiny blue-and-gold book slipped out.

"Lucy's diary, by Jove!" he ejaculated. "I'll see what she has jotted therein."

With no compunction whatever he opened it, admired the Italian, spidery-like calligraphy, and then read the items it contained.

His brow grew dark as a thunder-cloud; furious feelings raged and seethed within him. He knew that she despised him and loved his rival. He felt like rending the telltale paper in pieces, but he controlled himself, and thrusting the diary back in its receptacle—the pocket he had recently thought so pretty—he hurled it into the nest of underbrush from which he had taken it.

"Let the accursed thing lie there," he hissed; "I'll confront my lady and accuse her of her treachery."

Lucy's face blanched white as death as Bob Lester, like some raging demon, halted in her path.

"Grow white, faint if you can, you treacherous creature!" he hissed, with all the venom of a serpent. "I have found you out. You thrived with me, let me on, and confided to your diary that if I were the last man on the face of the earth, you would not marry me. More, you vowed you loved Ross Wilde. So unclean creature, I scorn you! I hate you! I've half a mind to toss you down among those sharp-toothed rocks! You deserve such a fate. No. You need not shrink from me; I'll not lay hands on you, but I shall try to turn the heart of my rival against you."

He was gone, and Lucy sank shivering to the earth.

"Why did I ever flirt with him?" she wailed. "It was heartless, I know, but I never meant him any harm. I will never coquette again with any man."

She covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

"Miss

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - FEBRUARY 20, 1891.


SPEAKER REED'S vote of thanks is something more than two weeks off.

WE judge from reading the Philadelphia papers that, next to the signing of the Declaration of Independence the greatest event that ever happened in that city took place on Tuesday last when John Jacob Astor, of New York, married Miss Ava L. Willing, of that city.

SENATOR QUAY, after waiting for months read a speech in the Senate on Monday denying the charges that have been publicly made against him. His denial is backed by no proofs and is simply the plea of not guilty which every rogue enters when brought to trial.

IT is reported from what appears to be reliable authority that ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, will be appointed Secretary of the Treasury to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Secretary Windom, Ex-Governor Foster is opposed to free coinage and his appointment will not be relished by the silver men of the West.

THE bill to re-imburse Banker Kemble, of Philadelphia, for the money advanced to the State on account of the Johnstown flood has been pronounced unconstitutional by some authorities in the Senate, but the loan of $400,000 will doubtless be authorized by the Legislature to be paid back, although the Governor may veto the bill.

AN exchange says: People in the townships of all the counties of the State have been accustomed so long to work out their road taxes that any attempt to change this system will be exceedingly unpopular with them. While these oppositions exist there can be no successful denial of the fact that this way of paying taxes has given all parts of Pennsylvania miserable township highways. Work done in this way is as a rule only half done. It were better for the roads if the road tax were all cash, but there would thus be imposed a burden upon the farmer that would soon jeopardize the existence of the road law. No road building can be carried on successfully without the co-operation of the farmer.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, of the United States Navy died at his home in Washington City on Friday morning. David D. Porter, was born in Pennsylvania on June 8th, 1814 and was the youngest son of David Porter who commanded the Essex in the war of 1812-14. He entered the service as a midshipman in 1829 and served until 1846 when he resigned to enter the army and take part in the Mexican war. At the outbreak of the civil war he was promoted to the rank of Commodore and served in the naval operations, below New Orleans and at the siege of Vicksburg. In 1863, during the second siege of Vicksburg Porter rendered material service to General Grant in the taking and occupation of that city. Admiral Porter was advanced to the rank of Vice Admiral July 25, 1866, and after the death of Admiral Farragut he was promoted, in August, 1870, to the rank of Admiral, which carried with it the command of the entire navy of the United States, subject only to the President.

ONE salient fact that crops up among all the discussions as to Grover Cleveland's opinions on the silver bill, on the tariff and other leading questions of the hour, says the Pittsburg *Leader*, is that the ex-President is as commanding a figure among the great men of the country to-day as he was in the hey-day of his prominence as Chief Executive of the Government. His opponents may rail at him; Dana may deride him as a "stuffed Daniel;" disgruntled individuals in his own party may decry him as pretending to the distinction of being bigger than the party itself; but still the truth looms up that Mr. Cleveland's personality constantly challenges national attention, that his utterances have a tremendous significance and that his name appears oftener in the newspapers than that of any other public man of the day, not excepting Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blaine. Whether this is to be called popularity, notoriety or what is an open question, but there is no disputing that, in Mr. Cleveland's own language, "it is a condition and not a theory."

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, whose serious illness was mentioned in last week's FREEMAN died on Saturday at his home in New York, in his 72d year. At his bedside were his son P. T. Sherman, his daughters Rachel and Lizzie, Lieutenant and Mrs. Thackera. Senator John Sherman, Dr. Alexander and General Thomas Ewing. His remains will be buried in St. Louis along side his deceased wife and son. The funeral cortege will leave New York today (Thursday) under a military escort at 2 o'clock P. M. with the following order of column following the family and relatives: "The President and Vice President of the United States. Members of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Governor of the State of New York and the mayor of the city of New York. These officials will follow the friends and relatives as representative mourners. Military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States and officers of the army and navy. Grand Army of the Republic. Corps of cadets from the United States military academy, Colonel Hawkins commander. National guard, Brigadier General Louis Fitzgerald commander. Delegations and representatives from veterans, Sons of Veterans, and other organizations unassigned, under charge of General David Morrison.

THE farmers of the United States, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, now generally understand the falsity of the claim of the protectionists that the McKinley bill benefits them as a whole. It was an ingenious scheme to delude the farmer into the, belief that protection is great and McKinley is its prophet, but it failed. The new law increased the tariff on all agricultural products, but when the farmer saw that he exported more than he imported (he had no need to import any, for he raised more than he could sell) he realized at once that the McKinley bill did not benefit him at all, for there were no imports to lay duty upon. The only way it can benefit him is by increasing the price of the product to the home consumer, and this the protectionists declare the McKinley bill does not do with any product sold in the markets of the United States. Then again, notwithstanding the increased duty, the farmers are compelled to sell in a free trade market all their exported products, and, of course, they are paid the prices which prevail in that market.

The total exports and imports of a few American agricultural products will show how absurd is all pretense that the farmer is benefited by the tariff: In 1890 we imported 1,626 bushels of corn and exported 101,900,000 bushels; oats, imports 21,000 bushels, exports 13,690,000 bushels, wheat, imports 157,000 bushels, exports 54,380,000; flour, imports, 1,219 barrels, exports 12,231,000 barrels, apples, no imports, exports 452,000 barrels; dried apples, imports none, exports 20,800,000 pounds; butter, imports 75,522 pounds; exports 29,748,042 pounds; bacon, imports too insignificant to be mentioned separately, exports 521,899,000 pounds; hams, no imports reported, exports 76,591,000; beef, no imports; exports 353,500,000 pounds, &c., &c. Only in barley, hay and potatoes do imports exceed exports. Potatoes are now selling at a higher price than before, because of a short crop. Many farmers are saving their crop for seed, which they know will command a good sum, but other farmers must pay it, and the farmers as a class are not benefited. One of the tariff papers made an awful blunder the other day when it declared that the tariff had increased the price of potatoes, thus virtually admitting that the tariff does increase the price of the necessaries of life to the consumer.

The tariff papers raised a great hullaballoo about an increase in the production of breadstuffs, but they said nothing about the absence of a corresponding increase in exports. In January, 1890, we sent to market breadstuffs amounting in value to $11,557,620, and in January, 1891, only $9,718,586. During the seven months ending January 31, 1891, we exported $64,524,799 worth of breadstuffs and during the corresponding period of 1890, $80,206,970. Farmers are not protected, and the market for their products is becoming smaller, but the protectionists would have them believe the high tariff is making them rich.

MATTHEW S. QUAY, on Monday says the New York *World*, made in the Senate of the United States what he is pleased to call a reply to the charges made against him months ago in the *World*.

In due time the *World* will analyze that reply in detail. At present it is sufficient to direct public attention to two or three important points.

Mr. Quay's reply has been strangely delayed, and is now made in a form which an innocent man would hardly deem sufficient. The charges were specific. The answer is shuffling. The charges were made months ago and widely copied. If they were not true they were scandalous. They were made by entirely responsible parties. Mr. Quay's friends and political associates demanded that he should meet them then, and in a fashion which should put their truth to the proof.

He did nothing of the kind. He remained silent and saw his party defeated in his own State because of his silence, by reason of the revolt of its self-respecting voters. He remained silent in face of the fact that a distinguished man of his own party declared in Congress that his silence was confession.

After all these months he offers the Senate and the country his unsupported world that he is innocent, and his declaration that the crimes alleged were committed by his partner, who is now dead and therefore unable to answer.

If Mr. Quay is innocent why has he not met these charges in a way which admitted of the taking of testimony under oath?

Why has he not put the matter in such shape that the facts could be tested with certainty? Why does he offer, in refutation of such charges, only the word of an accused and discredited man, without even the poor support of his own affidavit.

Mr. Quay's answer is no answer. He has not met the charges because he cannot. He shirks because he knows that the accusations are true.

GOVERNOR NORTHERN, of Georgia, is a member of the Farmers' Alliance. He was invited to a banquet at Atlanta to meet Jay Gould. He declined the invitation. His excuse given privately was that Mr. Gould's visit had no official character, and he objected to Mr. Gould's policy of monopoly and business methods to such an extent that he did not care to meet him personally. Governor Northern is at least dignified and consistent.

JUST as General Master Workman Powderly was concluding his speech to the Knights of Labor at Topeka, Kansas, on Tuesday, he was prostrated with heart disease. He recovered and was able to go to his hotel.

THE House Bill to prevent the sale and furnishing of intoxicating drinks on Decoration Day was defeated in the House at Harrisburg by a vote of 98 to 64.

## Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Feb. 18, 1891.

Senator Plumb does not agree with the majority of his party upon financial matters, nor upon the tariff, but when it comes to a question of Government pap, which is the keystone of the latter day Republican arch, he is Republican to the backbone. He has just given ample evidence of this by fathering the boldest attempt yet openly made for overiding the sanctimonious fraud known as the civil service law. He has introduced a joint resolution providing that stenographers, clerks, chiefs of divisions, copyists and computers in the Census office shall be eligible for transfer to the classified service in any of the Government departments. That means that a couple of thousand Republicans are, as they are dropped from the rolls of the census bureau, which will be gradually reduced from this time on, to be put into the regular departmental service without going through a civil service examination; it also means that all of the Democrats now in the classified service are to be discharged to make room for those whose Republicanism Mr. Porter of the Census bureau has vouched for under oath. Every one knows that the Civil Service law is a collossal humbug, and there would be no grief if it was repealed to-morrow, but that is no excuse for such schemes to trample under foot a law of the land as this one is.

He is a pretty thick-skinned man who cannot in these days be reached by public opinion. Representative Dingly has found it necessary to defend his silver pool investigating committee from the charge of not attempting to get all of the information possible out of the witness, Owenby, who was before the committee last week. Mr. Dingley's denial is almost a reiteration of the charge. He says the committee was anxious to have Owenby testify to what he had personal knowledge of, but that it objected to his giving hearsay evidence, and yet Mr. Dingley knows very well that the speculations in silver of these two eminent Republicans, Senator Cameron and Representative Taylor, of Illinois, were first brought out by heresay evidence, but perhaps that was the very reason that he objected to any more of it. He doesn't want any more Republicans found out, and they are not likely to be, unless some enterprising newspaper man does it.

Mr. Blaine has scored another knock down on McKinley, Reed and company by concluding the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty with Venezuela. True the trade of Venezula isn't very great, but it will serve to bring out the iniquities of the McKinley tariff law, and for that reason, if for no other it is desirable.

Mr. Cleveland's letter in opposition to free coinage, published here this week, shows that his backbone is as strong as it was when he wrote the famous tariff message upon which the campaign of 1888 was fought. Manliness always commands admiration, whether one agrees with its possessor or not.

It is stated that the House Coinage Committee will next week report the free coinage bill, with a recommendation, from the majority of the committee against any silver legislation. This recommendation, if made, will be a bit of sharp parliamentary practice, as it will prevent the bill being placed on the calendar, and make it necessary to obtain the consent of a majority of that committee before it can be called up, in fact it will be equivalent to smothering the bill in committee, which was the first programme of the Republicans.

Secretary Tracy received a sharp dressing down from members of his own party in the House this week for the manner in which he repremanded Commander Reiter for his conduct in connection with the killing of General Barrianda.

The Sioux Indians, having testified to their objection to being placed under the care of the war department, which was the principal reason for bringing them here, have been loaded down with presents and sent home, via Philadelphia and Carlisle.

The wrong methods in the conduct of the Pension office are constantly being tacitly acknowledged by the authorities by making changes in those methods. If it had not been for the exposures made by such papers as the New York *Herald* these changes would never have been made. It is the fearless press of the country that always looks out for the real interests of the people.

After the practical killing of the eight hour bill and the copyright bill in the Senate early this week that body and the House have devoted most of the time to the regular appropriation bills. The night sessions of the Senate, as was expected, are a fizzle. There hasn't yet been a quorum at one of them.

The radical Republicans are brewing some devilry in connection with the Force bill, but the Democrats are wide awake. M.

## Work of Desperadoes.

MONONGAHELA, CITY, PA., 16.—The residence of Christopher Fritchman, near Finleyville, was entered by burglars Saturday evening. They broke open the door, and bound Mrs. Page Fritchman. They then tied and gagged the old man, aged 75 years, and blew open the safe. They got only $140 for their pains. Miss Ellen Fritchman, and her nephew Harry, aged 14, arrived home from Finleyville while this was going on, and they were both seized by the men, bound and gagged, Chris Fritchman came home about 11 o'clock, and he was knocked down, tied and gagged. The burglars then ransacked the house from cellar to garret, and ate and drank of the best, finally leaving with all the money they could find. Mr. Fritchman succeeded in getting free soon after the men left. There is no clue to the burglars. The members of the family are under the care of doctors.

## Her Final Vows.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 13—Catharine Drexel, the Philadelphia heiress, who two years ago entered a convent here, took her final vows and adopted the black veil yesterday morning. The ceremonial was private and no one outside the church, not even the members of Miss Drexel's family, were present. Archbishop Ryan conducted the services, assisted by bishop Phelan, of Pittsburg, Rev. Father Stephan, of the Catholic Indian bureau, at Washington, D. C., and Rev. Father Conway, of Mercy convent. Miss Drexel, or Mother Catherine, as she will be known hereafter, brings with her $7,000,000, and will found the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, the object of the order being to educate the Indian and colored man.

A METEORIC stone resembling granite fell near the mouth of Pistol river, in Carry county, Ore. It weighs something over 400 pounds, and imbedded itself several feet in the earth. Parties who saw it went to dig it out, but found it so hot nothing could be done with it. After it had cooled it was removed, and will soon be placed on exhibition.

BRAZIL will soon have an election for President.

## A Fair Girl's Sad Death.

Miss Clara Fleming, of Washington, Pa., was instantly killed while aboard a Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St Louis car on Tuesday morning by a boulder which had been loosened by the rains and fell from Duquesne Heights, near Pittsburg, crashing through the car window. Miss Fleming was a student of Duff's College, and was coming over to attend her daily classes. In the same seat with her was J. F. Donehoo, who is a medical student. The rock fell just after the train had passed Point bridge. It was 20 minutes late and was running East on the westbound track. Her neck was broken and her head frightfully crushed. Mr. Donehoo, who sat next to her, was uninjured, though the boulder was thrown on his knees. Frank Oller and Miss Maimie Baldwin also had narrow escapes. A panic was averted only by the presence of mind of the trainmen.

The body of Miss Fleming was taken to Sampson's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial. Her relatives at Washington were notified of the sad accident and as early as possible her mother, who is a widow and her two younger brothers arrived in Pittsburg to take home the remains. During the afternoon nearly 500 students of various colleges viewed the body.

## A Reciprocity Scheme.

The merchants and manufacturers of this city will probably soon be invited to take part in one of the most novel commercial enterprises ever planned. Circulars addressed in general to the merchants and manufacturers of the United States having already made their initial appearence here. They are from the "Three American Companies," with its offices in Boston and New York, and they unfold a seductive scheme for the developing of trade between this country and South American continent under Secretary of State Blaine's well-known reciprocity plans.

It is proposed to send out from the Boston and New York harbors, late in the spring, a fleet of merchant ships, sailing under the American flag, into the principal ports of all the republics of Central and South America, bearing displays of manufactured goods, merchandise and inventions. The American Armada is the title given to this fleet, already under the process of formation. A conquest, not by force of arms, as of the historic Armada of the eastern hemisphere, but by the great arts of peace, is the design of the promoters.—*Phila. Times.*

## The Coroner's Verdict.

The jury inquiring into the cause of the explosion at the Mammoth Mine in Westmoreland county rendered its verdict Friday night. They found that the explosion was caused by the accumulation of carburetted hydrogen gas in the lower level or dips of the mine. All the machinery of the mine was found in good order. In conclusion the verdict reads:

"While we find that the H. C. Frick Coke Company has not been guilty of any neglect in providing for the comfort and the care of their underground employes and miners, we do protest against the employment of fire bosses and pit bosses who are addicted to the use of malt and spirituous liquors either when employed or off duty. We also believe that there should be an amendment to the mining laws against the working of mines under water level with any flame or open light, and to compel the lighting of the same by electricity or safety lamps. We recommend that no person be permitted to enter any mine now operated in this State, or hereafter opened, except those whose names or number shall be kept in a book or register at the entrance of the mines."

## Relief From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9,—Representative Kerr has drawn up and will present in the House a resolution asking Congress to appropriate $20,000 for the relief of the widows and orphans of the miners who lost their lives in the Mammoth disaster.

"I don't know what the fate of the resolution will be," Mr. Kerr said this evening, "but Congress is voting away millions for pensions and for other purposes, certainly no more worthy than the relief of the distress at Mammoth. I think it a good thing, too, and at least will make an attempt to get something done. The miners in a measure take their lives in their hands every time they go into the bowels of the earth. They are poorly paid, and as a rule save nothing out of their wages after supporting their families, so that when disaster comes, as it does with such an appalling frequency, those who were dependent on them are left absolutely destitute. I will do what I can to get my resolution passed, but if it fails it may at least serve the purpose of calling the attention of the whole country to the condition of the mining population of Pennsylvania.

## Clerk Adroitly Robbed.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—A clerk named McKenzie, a youth about 17 years of age, was adroitly robbed yesterday of a satchel containing £11,590 in Bank of England notes of denominations ranging from £1,000 downward. The thieves were of genteel appearance, in fact, rather dudish, and the police believe that they are expert American criminals, who have been watching young McKenzie probably for weeks, knowing that he was entrusted with large amounts of money, and awaiting their chance to rob him. They got clean away with the biggest haul of the kind in this generation. The notes can be easily disposed of.

## Better Capitol Buildings.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 18.—The Speaker announced the selection of McCullough, Taggart and Wherry as the committee on the part of the House to inquire into the advisability of enlarging the accommodations of the Capitol buildings or erecting new ones.

Stocking, of Washington, offered a resolution, which was adopted, paying a high tribute to General Sherman.

The bill was passed second reading fixing the weight of a ton of bituminous coal at the mines at 2,000 pounds.

THE John D. Knox & Co's banking house at Topeka, Kansas, failed on Wednesday with liabilities amounting to $250,000. John D. Knox was formerly a resident of Johnstown.


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

**Royal Baking Powder**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**


AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

D. K. WILHELM vs. M. A. McGONIGLE } In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria Co. No. 2. March term, A. D. 1891.

And now, to wit, the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1891, S. L. Reed appointed auditor (to liquidate labor claims), to make report to the next term, without prejudice to exception creditors.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit for the purpose of the above appointment at my office in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria Co., on Monday, the 23rd day of February, 1891, at ten o'clock A. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

S. L. REED, Auditor

Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 26,'91.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that M. A. McGonigle and Mary C. McGonigle, his wife, have made a voluntary deed of assignment of all the estate, real personal or mixed of said M. A. McGonigle, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of said M. A. McGonigle. All persons indebted to said M. A. McGonigle are notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to me.

THERESE FOX

Assignee of M. A. McGonigle et ux.

Altoona, Pa., January 16, 1891 6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Wm. M. McNeelle late of Clearfield township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

HUGH HAGAN, Sr.,
THOS. HAGAN, Gallitzin.
Executors.

January 9, 1891.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county Pa., and will be confirmed by said Court on the second day of March 1891 unless cause be shown to the contrary.

First and final account of Frank Chrissing committe of Isaac Yoder.e

J. C. DARBY,
Feb. 4. 1891. Proth'y.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters' testamentary on the estate of Anthony Will late of Chest Springs borough, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

ANNIE G. WILL,
JANE WILL,
Executrix.

Chest Springs, February 6th, 1891.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the farm formerly owned by Evan R. Bennnett, deceased, in Cambria township, three miles north of Ebensburg. The farm contains 240 acres, about 125 of which are cleared, having thereon a house and barn and a good orchard. For particulars call on or address.

EVAN J. BENNETT,
Ebensburg, Pa.

feb13.


ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet-10c


## NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Martin Badger, a track walker, near Wilkesbarre, was pursued for some distance by two bears and finally escaped by climbing upon a freight train.

—Two carrier pigeons were liberated by John Evans, of Wilkesbarre, at Chicago on Wednesday of last week. They arrived at Wilkesbarre the following Saturday in an exhausted condition. After drinking some water they fell over on their sides as if dead.

—An explosion occurred on Monday in the Moyer mine, near Scottdale. It was caused by a miner dropping his naked lamp. Fifty men were at work, but allescaped except four pumpers, who are known to have been killed, and six or seven men who are missing.

—Henry Strager, a rich farmer, living near Flatwoods, W. Va., says the Lord appeared to him in person and commanded him to sell all he had and give to the poor. He has begun to dispose of his property and neighbors are getting his farm equipments at ridiculously low prices.

—Alfred Mabury, a well-known hermit, of Clark county, Ind., is dead. He came from Virginia after the war, in which he was ruined financially. He left his family and lived in the woods, entering no house for 20 years, and subsisting on roots, herbs and the scant proceeds of basket-making. He has not cut his hair or beard since the war and both were several feet long.

—James McCrea, who was at one time General Manager of the Pennsylvania railroad, and recently Second Vice President, is thought to be the man who will succeed John McCullough. He has been Mr. McCullough's right-hand man, and the only man who knows the ins and outs of the western branches of the Pennsylvania system.

—The condition of William West, the condemned murderer, of Washington, this state, has assumed such a serious aspect that it is feared he will not live until the time set for his execution. West has not risen from the couch in his cell and claims he is too sick to eat. Dropsy has taken such a hold upoo his system that he is badly swollen and finds great difficulty in breathing.

—Edward McMullen murdered his wife, Ann, aged 50, at Sturmerville, near West Pittston, on Sunday, after tormenting her. Both were beastly drunk and it is not known exactly how the murder was committed, but from all the circumstances it is evident that he took a pair of blacksmith's tongs, put them in the fire and then placed them around his wife, burning her to death. Her body was frightfully mutilated. The husband was arrested but will say nothing. The room in which the deed was done looked like a slaughter pen.

—When Thomas Northeut, living in Lafayette, Indiana, got out of bed on Thursday morning he lighted a match, when an explosion of natural gas occurred, blowing out a whole side of the house, setting fire to the building and burning it and the adjoining one to the ground. Northeut and Levi Brown were badly burned by exploding gas, but the most serious injury was to Mrs. Ruth A. Jenners, an old lady living in the house adjoining, and her son, who were fatally burned. There was a leak in the gas pipe supplying the house.

—The Edgar Thomson Steel Works closed down for repairs and nearly four thousand men are idle. It is stated that the plant will not be put in operation for a month at least. The work of tearing down the big converters preparatory to erecting new ones of greater capacity was begun on Friday. With the suspension of the Edgar Thomson, a strike at the Braddock Wire Mill and the suspension of Chess, Cook & Co.'s plant, which went into effect on Friday, throwing over one thousand went out of employment, the labor situation there is not very encouraging. More furnaces of Carnegie Bros. & Company will be banked this week and the total estimated number of men out of employment will be about four thousand.


**Consumption Surely Cured.**

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

# The - People's - Store,

5TH AVENUE, PITTSBURCH.

## Largest and Finest Store in the City.

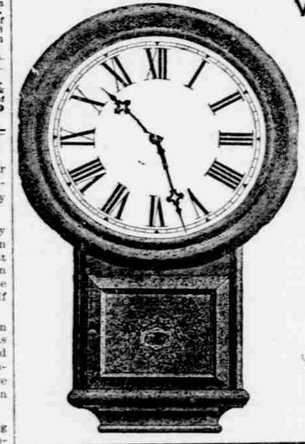
## FINE BLACK GOODS.

We keep at all times a complete stock of Black and Mourning Goods of the highest character as to quality and style, and at prices the Lowest.

Black Grosgrain Silks, 58c, 68c, 85c, $1, 1 87, 1 50 and up to 2 25.
Black Faille Francaise, 85c $1, 1 12 1 25, 1 50, 1 62, 1 75 and 2 00.
Black Satin Rhadames, 65c, 75c, 80c, $1, 1 25, 1 50 and up to 2 25.
Black Surahs, 49c, 62c, 75c, 85c, $1, 1 25 and up to 2 00.
Armures and fancy Weaves, stripes and bars, $1, 1 25 1 50.
Black Brocades, 69c, 98c $1 29.
Moire Silks, 85c, 1 00, 1 25 1 50 and 2 00.
Black Satin 50c, 75c and 1 00.
Black Silk Warp Henriettas, 75c, 1 00, 1 12, 1 25, 1 37, 1 50, 1 62, 1 75, 2 00, 2 25, 2 37, 2 50.
Silk Warp Draped Armas, $1 50, 1 75.
Silk Warp Tamise, 42 inches, 1 25.
All Wool Tamise, 40 inches, 50c, 62c, and 1 00.
All Wool Curls, Dagonals, Bro adles, etc., 90c, $1 00 and 1 25.
46 inch All Wool Black Henriettas, 59c, 87c, 90c, 1 00, 1 12, 1 25, 1 37, 1 50, 1 75.
40 Inch All Wool French Cashmere, 45c, 50c, 60c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c and 99c.
Black and White. White and Black, Black and Gray, Gray and Black Fabrics, 40 and 44 inch wide, from 39c to 1.25.
Black Cashmere Shawls. Single, 1 25, 1 50, 1 75, 2 00, 2 50 and up to 6 75. Double, 3 00, 3 50, 4 00, 4 50, 5 00 and up to 18 00.
Silk Fringed Shawls in single, 3 00 to 6 50. Double, 5 00 to 7 00.
Fringed Silk Warp Cashmere, Double Shawls, Hemstitched, 12 00, 14 50 and 16 00.
Black Fichus, heavy silk fringe, richly embroidered, 1 25 1 50, 1 75, 2 00, 2 25, 2 50, 2 75, 3 00, 3 50, 4 00, 4 50, 5 00, 5 50, 5 75, 6 00, 6 50, 6 75, 7 00, 7 50, 8 00, 8 50, 9 00, 9 50, 10 00, 11 00, 12 00, up to 37 50.
Black, Lord Wool Shawls, 1 75, 2 00, 2 50, 3 00, 3 50, 3 75, 4 50.
Black Jackets and Wraps of every fashionable description from 2 50 to 60 00.
Mourning Millinery a Specialty, always ready for use. Latest styles of Nuns' Veiling and Mourning Silks.
Toques and Bonnets, $2 50, 3 00, 3 50, 3 75, 4 00, 5 00, 5 50, 6 00.
Crape and Crape Veils.
All Wool, Bordered, Nuns' Veiling, 1 25 to 3 00.
Silk and Wool, Bordered, Nuns' Veiling, 1 26 to 3 00.
Millinery to order by first class artists at moderate prices.
When ready to buy anything in any kind of Black Goods, you will find everything wanted here. Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

## CAMPBELL & DICK.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

CARL RIVINIUS

ensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

## Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,

—DEALERS IN—

General .·. Merchandise,

CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
BE UP TO THE MARK
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

mar. 20-1y

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

## For the Next 30 Days!

I will close out my entire stock of Winter Clothing, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Underwear at

Less Than Cost.

I have yet a good assortment of Goods and at prices that will certainly make them go. Call and get a BARGAIN.

Very Respectfully,

C A SHARBAUGH,

oct3-99-1y CARROLLTOWN, PENN'A

## A. FOSTER,

Formerly of the Firm of Geis, Foster & Quinn,

Is Located at 247 and 249 Main Street,

Johnstown, Pa.,

With a large and full stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Hosiery, Linens, Flannels, and Winter Goods.

Carpets and Oilcloths

of every description and everything in the line of House Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices.


REGISTER'S NOTICE.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees and all others interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, March 4th, 1891:

1. First and final account of John M. Cox, administrator of John Coad, late of Johnstown, deceased.
2. The first and partial account of W. H. Robertson, administrator of Jacob H. Kuhn, late of Summerhill township, deceased.
3. The first and final account of Patrick Kelly, administrator of Robert Meltzer, late of Cambria borough, deceased.
4. The first and partial account of John Thomas, administator of Thos. S. Davis, late of Johnstown, deceased.
5. First and final account of Conrad C. Senger, executor of William Young, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.
6. First and final account of Conrad C. Senger, administrator of Beatrice Young, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.
7. First and final account of Hyram McGee, administrator of John Wharton, late of Cambria township deceased.
8. The first and final account of A. J. Watson, guardian of Elmer E. Porter, minor child of W. Porter, late of Summerhill township, deceased.
9. Account of I. E. Roberts, administrator, &c., of Lucinda H. Roberts, late of Johnstown, deceased.
10. The account of Frank M. Buchanan, administrator of John S. Buchanan, late of Johnstown, deceased.
11. The account of Frank M. Buchanan, administrator of Kate J. Buchanan, late of Johnstown, deceased.
12. The account of Catharine Koontz and Michael Koontz, administrators of estate of Jacob Koontz, late of Susquehanna township, deceased.
13. The account of Joseph W. Eckenrode, administrator of William Eckenrode, late of Allegheny township, deceased.
14. First and final account of Chal L. Dick, guardian of H. Frank Slick, prepared by Geo. R. Wagner, administrator of Chal L. Dick, from the books and papers of Chal L. Dick, deceased.
15. First and final account of D. J. Gleason, administrator of Henry Godenburg, late of Johnstown, deceased.
16. First and final account of Philip Beck, who was executor of the last will and testament of Casper Belter, late of Munster township, deceased.
17. The account of Celestine McMullen, attorney to sell certain real estate of Matthew McMullen, late of Clearfield township, deceased.
18. The second and final account of John McMullen and Celestine McMullen, executors of the last will and testament of Matthew McMullen, deceased.
19. The account of Joseph Long and Lafayette Grosser, executors of Frederick Grosser, late of Croyle township, deceased.
20. The first and partial account of Engleberth Bender, executor of Paul Bender, late of Allegheny township, deceased.
21. The first and final account of Ellen O'Donnell, executrix of the last will and testament of Mullen, administrator of John A. McMullen, late of Allegheny township, deceased.
22. First and final account of Louis Stein, deceased, who was administrator of G. Fred Besey, by Samuel Custer, administrator of Louis Stahler, deceased.
23. First and final account of E. H. Mellon, administrator of Daniel H. Boyle, late of Croyle township, deceased.
24. The first and final account of James S. Shumaker, administrator of Lena A. Shumaker, late of Johnstown, deceased.
25. The second and final account of James S. Shumaker, administrator of John Stream, late of Johnstown, deceased.
26. First and final account of Joseph Kunz, administrator of Samuel Page, late of Allegheny Point, deceased.
27. First and final account of E. L. Edwards, administrator of Henry Pritchard, late of Johnstown, deceased.
28. First and final account of Louis Stahler, deceased, administrator of E. J. Hinds, deceased, by Samuel Custer, administrator of Louis Stahler, deceased.
29. Second and final account of Elizabeth Kreppner and John L. Knepper, administrators of John Kreppner, deceased.
30. The third and final account of W. C. Lewis, administrator of James Morley, late of Johnstown, deceased.
31. First and final account of Annie M. Young, administratrix of August Young, late of Johnstown, deceased.
32. The first and final account of John Thomas, surviving executor of Arthur Doran, late of Prospect borough, deceased.
33. First and final account of John P. Kinkead, administrator of John Kintz, late of Cambria borough, deceased.
34. First and final account of J. H. Bomgardner, administrator of Henry Werrick, late of Richland township, deceased.
35. First and final account of William Trautfelder, administrator of Mary Ketchly, deceased, filed by G. W. Wagner, administrator of C. L. Dick, Esq., deceased, attorney for Wm. Trautfelder.
36. The first and final account of Gomer Waters, administrator of Rev. E. W. Jones, deceased.
40. The first and final account of Gomer Waters, administrator of Mary A. Jones, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
Register.

Ebensburg, February 5th, 1891.


LILLY BANKING : CO.
LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B MULLEN, - - - CASHIER

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

LILLY BANKING CO.
feb5'90. Lilly, Pa.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For terms or particulars call on or address

JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or
M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

C. A. LANGBEIN
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS
SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS.
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr12'9tf

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, Proprietor.

Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK.
General Insurance Agent
EBENSBURG, PA.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale pieces of real estate situate in Munster township Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively sixty-six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For further particulars call on or address Alvin Evans, Esq., Ebensburg, or LUKE KOONTZ,
Loretto.

December 12, 1890.

FOR SALE.

I have four or five hundred perches of stone that were taken out of the old Ashland furnace stack. These stone are nearly all dressed on two sides, and some of them are 5x2½x3 feet long. I will put them on the cars at Asheville at 40 cents per perch.

D. M. KRATZER,
Jan. 23, 1891. Ashville, Cambria Co.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Opera House, Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on Centre street, near High.

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - FEBRUARY 20, 1891.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mr. Milton Brown and wife, of Johnstown, were in town on Sunday.

—Hon. M. Fitzharris, of Gallitzin, is laid up at his home with the rheumatism.

—Michael Bradley, of Washington township, was a visitor to Ebensburg on Tuesday.

—Mr. L. R. Brallier, of Johnstown, spent a few hours in town on Thursday on business.

—Ex-Burgess Joseph Gutwald, formerly of Ebensburg, but now of Cresson, was in town on Monday.

—Mrs. Clara Davis, wife of Isac Davis, of the East ward of Ebensburg, died on Friday February 13, aged 37 years.

—Mrs. Thomas Plunket, of Gallitzin, accompanied by her little daughter, visited friends in Pittsburg on Monday.

—Mrs. Dr. Bladley, of Gallitzin, spent a few days in town visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bender, during the present week.

—Messrs. J. H. Bracken and Oliver J. Deemer, two of Gallitzin's enterprising citizens, paid the FREEMAN office a visit on Tuesday.

—Over three tons of dry goods (or 6,000 pounds in actual figures) were received one day last week by William F. Gable & Co., the Eleventh Avenue dry goods merchants, Altoona.

—Theodore Rupe, was brought to jail on Thursday of last week on a charge of stealing clothing, etc., from boarders in the house of Mr. T. R. Davis, at East Conemaugh.

—At the recent license court in Bedford county fourteen hotel and three distillery licenses were granted. Two applicants for hotel license were refused and four were held over.

—For sale or rent.—A house of seven rooms in the East ward of Ebensburg. Will be sold on easy payments. Possession given on the 1st of April next. Call on the subscriber for terms. HENRY BYRNE,

—Application has been made to Governor Pattison for a reprieve for Harry Marsh, whose execution is fixed for next Thursday, by Messrs. Wilson & Bell, attorneys, of Clearfield county, on the grounds of insanity.

—At the election for City Treasurer in Johnstown on Tuesday, James K. Boyd, Republican, was elected over Herman Baumer, Democrat, by a majority 234, the vote being 1645 for Boyd and 1411 for Baumer.

—Joseph Casey, a tramp, whose home was in Massachusetts, while stealing a ride on a west bound freight train on Friday last, fell from the bumpers near Bennington and was terribly mangled, dying in a few minutes.

—The parsonage of St. Mary's Catholic church at Hollidaysburg was entered by a very mean thief on Thursday night of last week and a gold watch and various other articles, the property of the pastor, Rev. Father Donnelly, were taken.

—Col. John S. Miller has leased the Franklin House, which will be greatly improved, preparations having been begun. Mr. Miller was for many years proprietor of the Exchange hotel, and is a popular landlord.—*Huntingdon Local News.*

—Furs! Furs!—Hunters and others should remember that G. L. Fredericks, of this place, pays the highest cash price for otter, mink, red fox, gray fox, raccoon, skunk, opposum and muskrat furs and skins. From 15 cents to $1.00 will be paid for skunk skins.

—Frederick Wike, a German, who had no known relatives in this country was struck by the engine of second section of Day Express on Thursday of last week near South Fork and fatally hurt. The injured man was taken to the Altoona hospital but died shortly after his arrival.

—At the letting for the erection of the building on the fair grounds on Tuesday evening, the following contracts were awarded: Building stable, to Fred. Davis for $421; grand stand, to Oliver Evans for $300; exhibition building, to Oliver Evans for $180; judges' stand, to Oliver Evans for $56.

—Among the bills introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature last week was one by Mr. Elwood, of Westmoreland county, requiring School Directors or Controllers to purchase text books out of the school fund and to furnish the same to pupils free of cost, and preventing changes oftener than once in five years.

—Mrs. Alfred Wallace, of Philipsburg, Center county, while preparing dinner on Saturday, went into a closet for some edibles. The closet also led to the cellar in which was about two feet of water. While in the closet she was attacked with paralysis and fell into the water and before her condition was discovered she was drowned.

—A portion of Lock Haven was overflowed on Wednesday as a result of the flood in Bald Eagle Creek, which was within two feet of being as high as in June, 1889. The business portion of the town was not flooded. The river commenced falling at noon on Wednesday, having reached the twelve foot mark without doing any damage.

—Elder James Darsie, an aged minister of the Christian church, whose home was at Braddock, Pa., was struck by a train at that place on Monday while walking on the railroad track from the residence of his daughter to his home, and instantly killed. The deceased was eighty-two years of age and leaves a wife and nine children to survive him, all of whom are grown up. Mrs. Darsie is a daughter of the late Stephen Lloyd, of this place.

—About noon to-day (Tuesday) Emmet Rhodes, who lives on the Bedford Pike, near Oak street, accidentally shot himself. He was shooting mark on the hillside above Dobereneck's brewery, and the weapon was in some unknown manner discharged. The ball took effect about the junction of the upper third of the thigh. It lodged directly in the groin. Drs. Statler and Hamer extracted the ball, which was of thirty-two calibre. The illium, or hip bone, was considerably fractured. Rhodes was carried to his home. His wound, while quite serious, is not necessarily fatal. He is about twenty-two years of age and married.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—The heavy rains of Sunday night, Monday and Tuesday, falling on the snow remaining in the woods, caused one of the heaviest floods that has been known in this section of the country for years, with the exception of the flood of May 31, 1889. Considerable damage has been done at Johnstown, whose position between the Conemaugh and the Stonycreek makes it especially liable to damage by floods. In the Thirteenth ward, between the railroad and the Conemaugh river, the water overflowed the streets from two to five feet, and a large portion of the Fifteenth ward was also flooded. Nearly all the cellars on Main street were filled with water. A great number of people living in the flooded districts removed their families and furniture to places of safety before the water reached them and cut off their escape. The temporary bridge at East Conemaugh, the Woodvale bridge, the partly constructed Walnut street bridge and the Point bridge were all swept away.

—Harry Marsh, whose execution will take place on Thursday of next week unless something unforeseen occurs, bears up well and from all outward appearances will go upon the scaffold to meet his death without flinching. He eats and sleeps well and does not appear to be unnerved at the approach of the time for paying the penalty for his terrible crime. The scaffold on which the execution will take place is the same one on which Carter was hung, and will be placed in position next week. After the execution of Carter the scaffold was taken down and stowed away in basement of the jail.

### From St. Augustine.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Pa., Feb. 18, 1891.

*Editor Cambria Freeman:*

DEAR SIR:—Mrs. M. L. Carl, of Clearfield township, died on Friday of last week. She had been ill for about two years with an affection of the stomach and when attacked by la grippe about a year ago, her constitution was so much debilitated that she was not able to stand both diseases, and finally after long and patient suffering, succumbed to the inevitable. She leaves a husband and a large family of children to mourn her loss.

Mr. Frank Dillon, of this place, who has been suffering for several weeks with an attack of pneumonia, is recovering.

A pair of goats chanced off at the St. Augustine fair, fell to the lot of Mr. Hugh Collins.

It is thought that the Catholic fair will net, when all the proceeds are in, fully one thousand dollars. The exact amount can not be determined until the watch contest closes, on St. Patrick's day.

The following is the list of officers elected at the late election in Clearfield township: Justices of the Peace, E. R. Dunegan and John Behe; Supervisors, Thomas Gittings and Martin Thomas; School Directers, James McGough and Bart Hubbard; Assistant Assessors, S. M. Douglass and Silas Ryan; Judge of Election, J. J. Donahoe; Inspectors, John Glass and Theodore Storm; Auditors, E. R. Dunegan and T. T. Byrne; Township Clerk, John Durbin; Collector, Simon P. Nagle.

J. M.

### Ebensburg Borough Election.

The election in Ebensburg on Tuesday resulted in the election of the Republican ticket in both wards, with one or two exceptions. Following is the vote:

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Young, 121; Shoemaker, 92; Young's majority, 29. Collector—Davis, 136; Byrne, 88; Davis' majority, 48. Auditor—Waters, 115; Wilkinson, 108; Waters' majority, 7.

WEST WARD.

Burgess—James Young, 71; H. A. Shoemaker, 72; Evan E. Evans, 2. Collector—Isaac Davis, 77; Wm. Byrne, 70. Auditor—A. J. Waters, 66; O. E. Wilkinson, 81. Council—Hosea Evans, 78; M. D. Eberly, 65. School Director—Dr. Davison, 77; Morgan Hughes, 68. Judge of Election—G. L. Fredericks, 59; James McBreen, 76. Inspector—R. L. Thomas, 75; Thomas James, 69. Assistant Assessor—W. H. Connell, 78; A. E. Bender, 70; John L. Stough, 70; H. J. Cronse, 72.

EAST WARD.

Burgess—James Young, 50; H. A. Shoemaker, 20; John Folsom 1; Evan E. Evans, 2. Collector,—Isaac Davis, 59; Wm. Byrne, 18. Auditor—A. J. Waters, 49; O. E. Wilkinson, 27. School Director—R. R. Davis, 59; Joseph Brown, 16. Council—F. H. Barker, 56; John T. Blair, 17. Judge of Election—John D. Evans, 58; J. B. Denny, 16; Ed. Mason, 1. Inspector—Samuel Ludwig, 54; Geo. C. K. Zahm, 33. Assistant Assessors—E. E. Evans, 58; Richard Jones, 59; W. D. Jones, 18; John Garman, 18.

### The Last Tour in the Series.

The series of tours arranged this winter by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company from Pittsburg to Washington have been remarkably successful, due in great measure to the liberal rate and high standard of service maintained. The one remaining tour to leave March 5th, will undoubtedly carry its full complement of passengers.

Excursion tickets, good for ten days from date of sale, admitting a stop-over in Baltimore in either direction within the proper limit, will be sold from Pittsburg at $9.00, and at correspondingly low rates from other stations in Western Pennsylvania. The tickets will be good for use on any regular train of the dates above named, except limited express trains; and in addition to the regular service a special train of parlor cars and day coaches will leave Pittsburg at 8:00 A. M., and run through to Washington, stopping at principal stations. The return coupons will be valid for passage on any regular train within the return limit, except the Pennsylvania Limited. The rates are unusually low and the limitation of the tickets ample for a most pleasurable trip.

### The New Railroad.

A mortgage has been entered of record in the Recorder's office in favor of the Girard Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia against the Cambria and Clearfield Railroad Company, to secure bonds amounting to $2,000,000, the principal and interest payable in gold in 1941. The premises mortgaged is the railroad constructed or to be constructed from, at or near Cresson station, on the Pennsylvania railroad, to, at or near Kaylor station, on the Ebensburg and Cresson railroad; thence northwestw'rdly by the valleys of the Chest creek and the West branch of the Susquehanna river to McGee's, on the latter stream, a distance of 35 miles more or less; thence southwardly ascending the valley of the West branch aforesaid to a connection on the route first mentioned on Chest creek, near the mouth of Laurel Lick creek, a distance of 30 miles more or less, together with the several branches thereof, constructed and to be constructed or hereafter acquired in the counties of Cambria, Clearfield and Indiana, in the State of Pennsylvania.

### Why Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book.

It brings to an anxious woman help in the kitchen, such help as makes the most of a little experience. Mrs. Rorer is a real cook and teacher of cooking; her fame was won by making good things to eat and by helping others to do the same. Her book is her useful self. There is no vanity about it. You can become a successful housewife with it, with common materials treated in simple ways. Success in every part of housewifery comes of a wise economy equally far from meanness and extravagance.

Special price—in washable oil cloth covers, $1.35, when bought in the Book Department of WILLIAM F. GABLE & CO., Popular One Price Store, Altoona.

### Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were is sued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, February 18, 1891:

William R. Ream and Lassie J. Ringler Johnstown.

Wm. B. Marks and Mary A. Edkins, Morrellville.

George E. Harris and Catharine A. Scott, Summerhill.

Elias Nelson and Rebecca Kirkwood, Johnstown.

Norman S. Lehman, Gelstown, and Lizzie Bomgardner, Scalp Level.

Calvin M. Bowers and Dora Herman, Johnstown.

### More Ten Cent Aprons.

At our Branch Store
[Altoona's Muslin, Underwear
and Corset store]
We will sell this week
Another lot of those
Fine white Aprons
At 10c.
Corset Covers, Chemise, Drawers, Night Robes, Infants' Slips, Aprons, } 25c., 30c. and 50c.

GABLE & Co., Altoona.
Full line of Corsets.

Happy and content is a bride with "The Rochester," she lives in the light of the morning. *To learn more, write Rochester Lamp Co. New York.*

### School Report.

Following is the report of Ebensburg schools for last school month.

| TEACHERS. | Enrolled. | | | Average attendance. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Room..... | Boys..... | Girls..... | Total..... | Boys..... | Girls..... | Total..... | Visits..... |
| Allie Lloyd | 1 | 37 | 24 | 61 | 31 | 18 | 49 | 4 |
| Effie Myers | 2 | 25 | 30 | 55 | 22 | 27 | 49 | 3 |
| Maggie Shenkle | 3 | 28 | 14 | 42 | 23 | 12 | 35 | 3 |
| Annie Jones | 4 | 11 | 23 | 34 | 9 | 19 | 28 | 4 |
| T. B. Allison | 5 | 11 | 10 | 21 | 10 | 9 | 19 | |
| Totals | | | | 212 | 101 | 213 | 95 | 85 | 180 | 14 |

The following persons were perfect in attendance during the month:

Room No. 1.—

Jesse Evans, Bertie Connell, Arthur Hill, Harry Jones, Ralph Daxis, Tommie Evans, Alonza Cresswell, Carl Englehart, Waldo Squires, Fern Ludwig, Willie Craver, Lida Davison, Beatrice Mower, Mabel Gant, Rosie Crouse and Katie Grey.

Room No. 2.—

Ethel Shields, Mary Connell, Lizzie Ludwig, Gertie Hill, Nita Evans, Mattie Esterline, Annie Heitchue, June Davis, Eveline Parrish, Pearl Kruis, Walter Jones, Willie Borkey, Ernest Weaklen, Arthur Evans, Gideon Downey, Frank Borkey, Edson Hill, Emmett Weaklen, David Ludwig, Otto Luttringer, Joseph Crouse and Harry Heitchue.

Room No. 3.—

Willie Leighty, Peter Ludwig, Joseph Luttringer, Elmer Davis, Wellington Evans, Herbie Evans, Willie Cole, Eddie Craver, Myrtle James, Annie McBreen, Jennie Evans, Flov Stiles, Alice Weaklen, Annie Owens and Bessie Evans.

Room No. 4.—

Minnie Craver, Sadie Nipple, May Griffith, Blanche Folsom, May Davis, Mary McCabe, Mary Nipple, Allie Jones, E. May Davis, Willie McCabe, Amos James, Harry Shinefelt and David Thomas.

Room No. 5.—

Carl Rivinius, Fred Jones, Edgar Evans and Arnie Shields.

The class leaders are: Room No. 2, A class, Ethel Shields; B class, David Ludwig. Room No. 4, A class, May Griffith, B class, May Davis. Room No. 5, A class, Carl Rivinius; B class, Annie Davison.

### An Old Landmark.

The borough authorities are filling up the old well on the pavement in front of the store-room of Mr. W. C. Shields, on High street. Recently the pavement over the well has been sinking and the street commissioner on Wednesday uncovered it and found it to be dangerous, when it was decided to fill the well up. It is about forty-five feet deep and had about twenty-five feet of water in it.

When it was originally dug the oldest inhabitant does not pretend to know. About thirty years ago it was filled up by the borough authorities and about ten years later it was again cleaned out at the expense of the borough, for the purpose of getting water in case of fire. It was a wise expenditure, as the water from this well saved the town from destruction when the old shop on the Gurley property burned down. The building of the water works made the old well useless and it was again closed up, covered with locust posts and about a foot of earth, and then payed. It has been regarded as dangerous for some time and filling it up is the best thing to do with it.

### A Family Duty.

The home circle is sacred and life has few charms indeed if family ties are burst asunder. The promotion of happiness and the prevention of sickness are of prime importance in every household. It is in the spring that old and young alike are most susceptible to the hundreds of diseases that fill the atmosphere we breathe and the water we drink. The timely use of a reliable stimulant is the only sure way to guard against sickness in the home. Max Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" brands of pure rye whiskey are recommended by physicians as the best invigorator in the world. Both are sold under a sworn guarantee of purity. "Silver Age" at $1.50 per full quart bottle, and "Duquesne" at $1.25. These whiskies are used exclusively in the leading hospitals, which is sufficient evidence that they are the best obtainable.

Mr. Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson and Overholt are sold by Mr. Klein at $1 per quart or six quarts of $5. His stock of wines, brandies, etc., is the largest in Pennsylvania. Goods promptly shipped to all parts of the United States. Send for catalogue and price list, mentioning this paper. Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

### Bargains at McDonald's Store, Loretto, Penn's.

Dress Goods, 5, 10, 15 and 20 cents per yd.
Flannels, 15, 20, 25 and 30 cents per yd.
Kentucky Jeans, 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents per yd.
Cassimeres, 40, 50 and 60 cents per yard.
Gingham, Muslins, Shirtings, Ticking, etc., at equally low prices for spot cash or trade.
Children's Shoes, 35c. to 75c. per pair.
Misses' Shoes, 75c. to $1.25.
Women's coarse Shoes, $1.00 to $1.50.
Women's button Shoes, $1.00 to $2.00.
Boys' Boots, $1.00 to $1.50.
Boys' Shoes, $1.00 to $1.50.
Men's Boots, $2.00 to $3.00.
Men's Shoes, $1.50 to $2.50.
Boys' Caps, 10c. to 50c.
Men's Caps, 50c. to $1.00.
Also a full line of Groceries and Provisions will be kept constantly on hands to supply the wants of our many patrons. Prices guaranteed as low. If not lower than Altoona or Gallitzin prices on same conditions, spot cash or trade.

M. F. MCDONALD.

### Swindling Many Farmers.

A party representing himself as a member of a firm called Williams & Co., with headquarters at 553, Grant street, Pittsburg, is reported to have bled many farmers in surrounding counties, and a few in this county, out of sums ranging from $2 to $5. He advertises, as an agent, for a first-class farm, and that he will pay cash for the same. When a reply is received from some tiller of the soil, wishing to sell his land, he replies, stating that the farmer send money enough to pay his client's car fare out to look over the farm, and if a purchase is not made the money will be refunded. Invariably the scheme works and when the the farmer sends the car fare neither it or the agent is heard of again.—*Greensburg Record.*

### A Word For the Huckaback Towel.

In our estimation there is no towel like a Huck towel—it is pleasant to use, it absorbs the moisture quickly, it always looks neat and clean. It is made of finer linen than the Crash toweling. It is a kind Damask, but much softer than the regular German Damask. The warp and woof cross each other at intervals of five threads, thus producing a uniform figure. There is no towel like the Huckaback towel. We have them at 5, 12½, 16, 19, 23 and 25 cents each, and you'll be pleased with any of them that you buy. There is no towel like the Huckaback towel. Linen Department, 1402 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, Pa.

WM. F. GABLE & Co.

### To Teachers and Directors.

It is the opinion of the Department of Public Instruction that the law does not require the schools to be closed on Monday following a legal holiday which falls on Sunday. The Act of Assembly approved June 25th, 1875, P. L. page 176, prescribing the number that shall constitute a school month, and requiring the schools to be closed on legal holidays, does not apply to any other than ordinal legal holidays which occur on a regular school day.

J. W. LEECH,
County Superintendant.

### Obituary.

FAGAN.—Died at her home in Allegheny township, on Wednesday, February 11th, 1891, Miss Jane Fagan, aged 91 years.

Deceased was born in Huntingdon county on December 10th, 1799, and came to Cambria county with her parents when she was seven years of age. She was a devout member of the Catholic church and having received all the consolations of religion, died in the hope of a happy eternity. May she rest in peace.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

### Table Oil Cloth.

We have just received a fine assortment of forty (40) new and pretty patterns of Table Oil Cloth, 1¼ yards wide, at 25c., and 1½ yards wide at 37½c. a yard. These are perfect goods and not seconds, that are so often sold as the best goods at these prices. GABLE & Co., Altoona.


TAKE FOR
RHEUMATISM
GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the
IMPORTED
"ANCHOR"
PAIN EXPELLER
IT IS AND WILL EVER BE
The BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY.
Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others.
One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands:
Terrebonne, La., Jan. 26, '90.
Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, could find nothing to cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller.
School SISTERS DE NOTRE DAME.
50 Cents a bottle.
OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.
European Houses: Rudolstadt, G'y, London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Konstein, Olten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.
20 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application.
oct 3 1890 1y.


### WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.

Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisements of property appraised and set apart for widows of decedents under the Act of Assembly of the 4th day of April, A. D. 1887, have been filed in the Register's office in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, March 4th, 1891:

1. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Katharine Hoefecker, widow of Leonard Hofecker, late of Stonycreek township, deceased. $150 49.

2. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Sarah C. Kirkpatrick, widow of Michael A. Kirkpatrick, late of Carroll township, deceased. $291 64.

3. Inventory and appraisement of real esta e appraised and set apart to Mary Dimond, widow of James Dimond, late of Prospect borough, deceased. $300.

4. Inventory and appraisement of personal property and real estate appraised and set apart to Mary Frankhauser, widow of Jos. C. Frankhauser, late of East Taylor township, deceased. $300.

5. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Sarah M. Lohr, widow of William M. Lohr, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased. $45 72½.

6. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Catharine Kirkpatrick, widow of James T. Kirkpatrick, late of Carroll township, deceased. $297.

7. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Christina Freidhoff, widow of Henry Freidhoff, late of Munster township, deceased. $300.

8. Inventory and appraisement of real estate appraised and set apart to Elizabeth Burkhammer, widow of John Barkhammer, late of West Taylor township, deceased. $236 36.

9. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Elizabeth Barkhammer, widow of William Barknammer, late of West Taylor township, deceased. $63 64

10. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to —— Given, widow of Henry W. Given, late of Johnstown, deceased. $296.

11. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Margaret Hochstine, widow of Charles Hochstine, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased. $300.

12. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Ludwina Grosser, widow of Frederick Grosser, late of Croyle township, deceased. $300.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
Ebensburg, February 6, 1891. Register.

### TRIAL LIST.

March Term, Second Week.

| | |
|---|---|
| Butterbaugh | vs. Cunningham. |
| Sony Assignee | vs. Coney. |
| Bowman | vs. Barnhart. |
| Liberty | vs. Ovedorff. |
| Hagan | vs. Litzinger. |
| Gallagher | vs. Baker. |
| Same | vs. Same. |
| Keith | vs. Kerrinsey. |
| Miller | vs. McKay. |
| Gathagan | vs. Thomas & Sons. |
| Wiley's use | vs. Humbert et al. |
| McCombie | vs. Wyland. |
| Quinn | vs. Lentz. |
| McVey | vs. Suppes. |
| Farrell | vs. Weakland. |
| Horner | vs. Hawk. |
| McDonald | vs. Holecker. |
| Wike | vs. Hopper. |
| Schaffauer | vs. Morrellville Cambria Water Co. |
| Ryan's Ex | vs. Cassiday. |
| Maxwell | vs. Leahey. |
| T. C. Else | vs. Same. |
| Westmoreland and Cambria Natural Gas Co. | vs. Hoerle Printing Co. |
| Cresswell | vs. Thomas & Sons. |
| Zitman | vs. Strayer. |
| Swana & Co. | vs. Hawk. |

JAS. C. DARBY,
Ebensburg, February 2, 1891. Prothonotary

### SPECIAL TRIAL LIST.

February 23rd, 1891.

| | |
|---|---|
| Indiana Co. Dep. Bank | vs. Anna. |
| Litzinger | vs. Beck. |
| Pringle | vs. Pringle. |
| Cresswell | vs. Cole. |
| Irvin | vs. Kutruff. |
| Same | vs. Gill. |
| Miller | vs. Storm. |
| McGary & Son | vs. P. R. R. Co. |
| Yeager | vs. Hank Bros. |
| Sloan | vs. McMullen. |
| Donahoe, Assignee | vs. Buck. |
| Pindle | vs. Cambria Land Co. |
| Hite | vs. Same. |
| Cole et al | vs. Patton. |
| Drass | vs. McCloskey. |
| Same | vs. Same. |

JAS. C. DARBY,
Ebensburg, Jan. 30. Prothonotary.

### NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county on the 2nd day of March next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, under Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by Jno. Lloyd, G. J. Jones, A. W. Huck, Daniel J. Davis, Webster Griffith and others for the charter of an intended corporation called the "Ebensburg Agricultural Society," the character and object of which is to improve the stock and all other farm products and to promote agricultural and mechanical interests, and to have competition exhibitions, etc., and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid, and the supplements. S. L. REED,
Ebensburg, February 6, 1891. Solicitor.

### EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret McGuire, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to me. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same, will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

E. A. BUSH,
Executor of Margaret McGuire, deceased.
Altoona, Pa., Jan. 13th, 1891.-6t.

RECEIPTS
—AND—
# Expenditures
—OF—
# Cambria County, Pa.,
—FROM—
January 6th, 1890,
—TO—
**January 5th, 1891.**

THOS. E. HOWE, TREASURER, DR.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| To balance in hands of Treasurer at last settlement | | $ 15,760 96 |
| To amount of duplicate | | 93,578 13 |
| To amount received from Redemption of lands | | 1,341 26 |
| To amount received from Unseated Lands, 1888-1889 | | 8,765 11 |
| To amount received from Unseated Lands, 1890 | | 1,271 09 |
| To amount received from Seated Lands, 1887-1888 | | 2,906 51 |
| To amount received from Seated Lands, 1889 | | 483 96 |
| To bonds issued | | 50,000 00 |
| To amount received from Constables | | 5,893 75 |
| To amount received from tavern licenses for use of county | | 19,656 25 |
| To amount received from miscellaneous sources | | 1,197 81 |
| Balance in Treasurer's hands | | $198,853 93 $ 60,657 39 |

CR.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| By amount paid— | | |
| Assessors and expense of assessment | $ 2,546 87 | |
| Auditors (State) | 627 00 | |
| Auditors (County) | 397 56 | |
| Agricultural Association, Carrolltown | 100 00 | |
| Boarding jurors | 68 50 | |
| Boarding prisoners | 2,981 75 | |
| Building bridges—Balance on work done in 1889 | 4,350 00 | |
| Building bridges in 1890 | 15,855 52 | |
| Bridge and road views | 627 10 | |
| Bonds redeemed | 10,000 00 | |
| Borrowed money. First Nat. Bank, Johnstown | 10,000 00 | |
| Int. on borrowed money | 2,000 00 | |
| Commissioners' salary | 1,200 00 | |
| Commissioners' expense | 77 00 | |
| Commissioners' clerk | 600 00 | |
| Commissioners' counsel | 400 00 | |
| Court crier and tip staves | 285 00 | |
| Court House expense | 1,394 47 | |
| Constables | 1,989 44 | |
| Criminal prosecution | 7,853 49 | |
| Deeds to county | 396 06 | |
| District Attorney | 1,389 09 | |
| Election | 2,051 92 | |
| Expressage and postage | 61 82 | |
| Inquisitions | 235 99 | |
| Insurance | 850 00 | |
| Janitor of Court House | 800 00 | |
| Jail and Jailor | 3,836 07 | |
| Jury Commissioner and Clerk | 104 40 | |
| Jurors, Grand | 1,019 87 | |
| Jurors, Traverse | 5,240 74 | |
| Jurors, Talesmen | 118 00 | |
| Miscellaneous | 55 26 | |
| Old orders | 655 48 | |
| Probates | 12 25 | |
| Prothonotary | 1,228 89 | |
| Printing | 1,293 47 | |
| Poor House Directors | 318 90 | |
| Poor House orders | 16,925 96 | |
| Registry | 1,241 57 | |
| Road damages | 975 00 | |
| Road fund | 1,916 65 | |
| Refunding | 906 57 | |
| Records | 378 10 | |
| Redemption of lands | 920 34 | |
| Reform School | 372 14 | |
| Scalps | 696 10 | |
| State tax | 2,202 60 | |
| School fund | 1,466 40 | |
| Sheriff | 1,115 11 | |
| Soldiers' burial | 231 00 | |
| Stenographer | 903 45 | |
| Stationary | 344 17 | |
| Teachers' Institute | 200 00 | |
| Western Penitentiary | 1,742 84 | |
| West Penn Hospital | 1,972 96 | |
| Warren Insane Asylum | 91 25 | |
| By amount— | | |
| Rewaiting in Constables' hands | 8,662 36 | |
| Exonerations to Constables | 5,323 34 | |
| Abatement to taxpayers | 3,182 45 | |
| Treasurer's commission on License fund for use of count, 5 per cent. on $1,000, 1 per cent. on $1,000, and 2½ per cent. on balance | 148 28 | |
| Treasurer's commission 5 per cent. on $92,444 24, monies received and paid out on amount on amount of duplicate, seated and unseated lands, and redemption of lands, less abatement to taxpayers, exonerations to Constables and amount remaining in Constable's hands | 4,622 21 | |
| 2½ per cent commission on $23,815.09, on monies received and paid from other sources | 595 37 | |
| Balance in hands of Treasurer | 60,657 39— | $198,853 93 |

### DUE DISTRICTS FROM SEATED AND UNSEATED LANDS.

| | Road. | School. |
|---|---|---|
| Adams township, 1887, 1888, 1889 and 1890 | $ 269 78 | $ 413 41 |
| Ashland Ind. School District | 8 09 | 13 79 |
| Barr township | 36 69 | 61 70 |
| Ashville borough | 1 16 | 2 61 |
| Blacklick township | 164 47 | 168 99 |
| Cambria township | 60 94 | 75 12 |
| Carroll township | 11 24 | 11 10 |
| Chest township | 164 13 | 231 06 |
| Clearfield township | 228 12 | 333 41 |
| Conemaugh township | 17 85 | 18 04 |
| Croyle township | 29 80 | 63 12 |
| Chest Springs borough | | 1 77 |
| Dean township | 379 21 | 557 69 |
| Ebensburg borough | 4 60 | 45 |
| Elder township | 12 50 | 92 49 |
| East Taylor township | 6 60 | 9 75 |
| Gallitzin township | 226 23 | 242 86 |
| Jackson township | 164 34 | 368 37 |
| Lilly borough | 4 67 | 17 18 |
| Munster township | 214 93 | 268 37 |
| Reade township | 229 46 | 351 74 |
| Stonycreek township | 12 55 | 11 18 |
| Summerhill township | 326 04 | 352 99 |
| Susquehanna township | 13 75 | 22 38 |
| West Taylor township | 6 97 | 10 15 |
| Washington township | 190 12 | 272 27 |
| White township | 531 67 | 714 46 |
| Lower Yoder | 25 80 | 33 49 |
| | $5,413 48 | $4,796 72 |

### DISTRIBUTION OF LICENSE FUND TO DISTRICTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Adams township | $ 26 62 |
| Ashville borough | 342 06 |
| Barr township | 25 62 |
| Carrolltown borough | 769 50 |
| Carroll township | 142 50 |
| Chest Springs borough | 171 00 |
| Chest township | 106 87 |
| Clearfield township | 71 25 |
| Croyle township | 178 12 |
| Dean township | 106 87 |
| Ebensburg borough | 342 06 |
| East Conemaugh borough | 256 50 |
| Elder township | 71 25 |
| Franklin borough | 85 50 |
| Gallitzin borough | 940 50 |
| Gallitzin township | 106 87 |
| Hastings borough | 769 50 |
| Johnstown city | 16,720 00 |
| Lilly borough | 769 50 |
| Loretto borough | 256 50 |
| Portage township | 285 00 |
| Reade township | 142 50 |
| Richland township | 71 25 |
| South Fork borough | 256 50 |
| Stonycreek township | 71 25 |
| Wilmore borough | 171 00 |
| Susquehanna township | 71 25 |
| Tunnelhill borough | 427 50 |
| Washington township | 291 37 |
| Upper Yoder township | 71 25 |
| Lower Yoder | 178 12 |
| | $24,414 96 |

### AMOUNTS DUE FROM CONSTABLES.

| | |
|---|---|
| C. F. Yeckley, Stonycreek | $ 851 10 |
| Peter Kelly, Jackson | 91 33 |
| Archie Farrell, Prospect | 94 00 |
| A. J. Burkey, Grubbtown | 70 58 |
| B. F. Burkhart, West Taylor | 336 68 |
| W. H. Killin, East Taylor | 174 95 |
| John Ream, Upper Yoder | 317 76 |
| Bart Ribblett, Lower Yoder | 120 23 |
| John C. Hanlin, Tunnelhill borough | 555 66 |
| F. J. Bearer, Carrolltown borough | 453 40 |
| Alfred Miller, Ashville borough | 24 17 |
| R. W. Delozier, Clearfield township | 171 46 |
| C. D. Ryan, Clearfield township | 84 58 |
| Thomas A. Brown, Washington township | 57 00 |
| William Fryce, Washington township | 20 23 |
| David O'Hara, Wilmore borough | 73 59 |
| John M. Watt, Gallitzin township | 21 62 |
| A. B. Mertz, Gallitzin township | 33 70 |
| Francis Ebig, Gallitzin borough | 643 32 |
| Anslem Weakland, Elder township | 230 08 |
| I. J. Weakland Carroll township | 417 66 |
| W. K. Burtnett, Sumnerhill township | 63 83 |
| P. F. Miller, Hastings borough | 162 70 |
| L. J. Bearer, Susquehanna township | 1,166 87 |
| Isaac Harris, Johnstown | 1,015 24 |
| Porter H. Miller, Johnstown | 429 96 |
| A. J. Berkey, Johnstown | 1,251 37 |
| John Fox, Johnstown | 17 81 |
| Neal Dorian | 280 01 |
| Joseph Steich, Carrolltown borough—1888 | 41 37 |
| John W. Parks, Conemaugh township | 31 60 |
| | $ 8,062 39 |

### AMOUNT RECEIVED FROM CONSTABLES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Peter Cullitton, Cambria, 1st ward | $ 6 00 |
| Peter Cullitton, Cambria, 2nd ward | 101 13 |
| John T. Harris, Johnstown | 49 81 |
| William Callihan, Stonycreek | 294 91 |
| Archie Farell, Prospect | 17 80 |
| Edward Conery, Conemaugh, 2nd ward | 164 70 |
| Caleb Butler, Coopersdale | 103 78 |
| Andrew Boucher, Millville, 2nd ward | 4 00 |
| Edward Conery, Conemaugh 1st ward | 451 99 |
| A. J. Berkey, Grubbtown | 40 00 |
| W. A. Ubirey, East Conemaugh | 9 87 |
| B. F. Burkhart, West Taylor | 204 94 |
| W. H. Killin, East Taylor | 79 44 |
| George Gillinger, Woodvale | 182 24 |
| John W. Stork, Lower Yoder | 41 24 |
| W. A. Lantry, Upper Yoder | 100 00 |
| S. H. Hock, Carrolltown borough | 20 81 |
| Alfred Miller, Ashville borough | 140 24 |
| Andrew Callihan, Chest Springs borough | 18 14 |
| R. W. Delozier, Clearfield township | 265 00 |
| J. J. Hosier, Susquehanna township | 417 69 |
| Thomas A. Brown, Washington township | 51 94 |
| L. O. Gates, White township | 20 60 |
| A. J. Sheily, Wilmore borough | 78 47 |
| John M. Watt, Gallitzin township | 180 10 |
| George Yeckley, Gallitzin borough | 221 82 |
| Anslem

## BILL GERRITY'S WIFE.

### She Strikes the Iron and He Blows the Bellows.

**The Woman Blacksmith of Roxbury, Mass.—How She Assists Her Aged Husband—An Irish Girl's Devotion and Muscle.**

Who is there in Roxbury, asks the Boston Globe, who hasn't heard of old "Bill" Gerrity, the blacksmith, who for forty years has worked the bellows and pounded the anvil in his little shop on Tremont street, near the Mission church?

If you haven't heard of "Bill" you surely have heard of his wife, who stands at the anvil all day and, with sturdy strokes, swings the hammer and fashions the iron, supple under the heat, while her husband assists her.

"Bill," as he is familiarly called, is one of those old settlers whose face and form have become, gaits were, one of the old landmarks of old Roxbury, so rich in its stories of oldest inhabitants, while his little shop stands to-day, as it did forty years ago, undisturbed by the presence all around it of modern buildings, which make its crude outlines stand out more forcibly and shows its age by comparison.

If you ask "Bill" how old he is he will tell you he is sixty years, but if you ask one of the old settlers he will tell you that according to his "reckonin'" Bill must be "nigh on to ninety years."

If "Bill" was a picturesque character, inasmuch that his occupation as village blacksmith rendered it proper to so characterize a man in time gone by, he was rendered more so when two years ago he startled his friends by taking to the altar a buxom lass of thirty-five summers.

It was only about a year previous that death had taken from him his first wife, who had lived to the rare old age of ninety-eight years.

"Bill's" new spouse was a stout girl named Hannah McHugo. She is about she feel well, with a physique that many a strong man would envy. She was born in County Leitrem, Ireland.

When "Bill's" first wife died there were many stories floating around among the regulation gossips concerning the wealth that she had left behind her in her little apartments over the blacksmith shop. According to the stories she was one of those people who are said to deny themselves the pleasures of life and hoard up in mysterious hiding-places bags of yellow gold, and in the still hours of night find consolation in counting the glittering pieces.

Somehow I believe these stories for it was well known that the old blacksmith worked early and late at his forge and always had lots of work to do. He was known to be of a saving disposition, and it was said that his wife, having passed the allotted threescore and ten time, determined that, when she somewhat younger husband should find himself alone and bent double in the form of old hard work, he would not want for plenty to eat or a place to lay his head if money could procure them.

According to the stories that have become a chapter in the "old Settlers' Biographical History of Events from Personal Knowledge," when she died there was great excitement in the "Hill." She had left relatives of various generations, and it is said that, several thousand dollars having been discovered, a need many people shared it besides old blacksmith. Since then, owing to the efforts of competition, "Bill" has not done the routine business he did formerly, and then, too, he is not able to work as hard as before.

His spouse is theharmed of this change of affairs and without standing on ceremony she went to him and volunteered to work at the forge and save the expense of his hiring a helper. "Bill" only laughed at her, for, besides being a little doubtful of her ability in that line, he had too much chivalry to permit it, but she persisted in her entreaties to be permitted to take her place at his side, and at last he reluctantly consented.

The blacksmith shop is a little story-and-a-half structure opposite the big ledge, known as McCarthy's ledge, on the hill near the Mission church on Tremont street. Until recently the ledge has been worked by a large force of men, and Bill depended on them mostly for his "jobs." He had almost the exclusive charge of sharpening the drills used by the "ledgers," and the work was of a heavy character. Since the introduction of steam drills "Bill" has not had so much to do as before, but he sharpens the new drills, though it requires much more skill as I labor than sharpening ordinary tools.

The first day that his new wife stood at the anvil and swung the hammer "Bill" was convinced that she could do what she claimed. From that day out she has stood by his side, never drawing, but working cheerfully and well. "Bill" blows the bellows and handles the iron, and after it is properly heated he holds it on the anvil while his wife hammers it into shape under his direction.

People used to flock around every day and watch them work, but the novelty soon wore off, and the woman blacksmith became a fixture in Roxbury, attracting no unusual attention.

## CHARLIE'S MUSTACHE.

**It Was Very Small, But Its Owner Was Very Proud of It.**

A young man and his girl were at the People's Theater the other night, says Pennsylvania. The young man carried his head on one side, it being forced into that position by the weight of a very tender mustache, which was composed of seven hairs upon one side and eleven upon the other side of his nose. The comedian on the stage had brought a laugh by some allusion to a boy's first shaving encounter with a barber, when the young man leaned over to his girl and whispered:

"That's true to life, I can tell you."

"How do you know?" inquired the girl.

"How do I know?" he repeated, in a whisper; "why, by experience, of course; that was the way with me when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked, innocently.

"Oh, before I raised my mustache," he returned, moving uneasily.

"What mustache?" she queried, a little surprised.

"What mustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charlie," whispered the girl, "I never saw any mustache. Do you mean—"

"Never mind what I mean," hissed the young man through his front teeth, and became silent. There was lots of fun in the play, but Charlie never laughed again. He took the young woman home, but on the following Sunday night he went to see another girl.

**Large and Respectable.**

There is a large coinage of good stories about Hon. Hannibal Hamlin up in Maine, and this is one of them: In his earlier days, at a certain caucus in Hampden, the only attendants were himself and a citizen of very large stature. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters. "Hold on," cried the other man; "we can't pass that, for it ain't true. It ain't a large and respectable caucus. There's only two of us." "You keep still, brother!" commanded the wily Hannibal; "it's all right, for you are large and I am respectable."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## HE KEPT HIS VOW.

**A Millionaire's Son Running an Engine on a Texas Railway.**

There is a man running an engine on the San Antonio division of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, between this city and Del Rio, whose name is familiar to many people in Indiana, writes a San Antonio correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. He is no other than Frank Bracaw, the son of one of the richest men in Terre Haute, Ind., whose wealth is reckoned in the millions. He is one of the coolest, most unassuming and most reliable engineers in the service, and has hosts of friends in this city, none of whom, however, knew his history until to-day, when a most affecting accident brought it to light.

The people of Terre Haute will remember Frank as a dashing society man of that city ten years ago. He drove fast horses, and his way was paid by his father without question, and he had a monthly cash allowance of $150. Some trouble arose between father and son, the nature of which is unknown, and the son left home vowing never to darken the threshold of the parental house.

Seven years sped swiftly by, and Frank's sister lay upon her deathbed. Detectives were put upon the track of her brother. All the detective agencies in the country were furnished his description and directed to leave no stone unturned in the effort to find him, but to no avail. He had been completely swallowed up in the great world, and his sister died without seeing him.

Three more years passed away. A favorite cousin, the wife of an army officer, came to Del Rio with her husband, who is now in command of the post at that place. To-day they were dining, as usual, at the Valverde Hotel. A nice-looking young man sat at a table near them and observed the lady attentively. Having finished eating he passed out through the office and asked the clerk if the lady wasn't Mrs. Wheeler. Being answered in the affirmative, he added: "She is my own cousin," and went on. The lady now came out, and the clerk asked:

"Do you see that handsome young man just going out?"

"Yes."

"He says he is your cousin."

She turned quickly observed him more closely, a flood of recognition came over her, and she called sharply: "Frank." The man went on as though he didn't hear, but she ran after him and caught him. A pathetic scene followed, in which both actors were moved to tears. The lady besought him to return to his parents, who are now old and feeble, but he remained obdurate and firm in his intentions never to return.

## A LEGEND OF MAINE.

**Singular Circumstance Connected With The Building of a Church.**

Residents in a certain seaport town of Lincoln County remember a singular circumstance connected with the erection of its Methodist church, as the Lewiston, (Me.) Journal. There is a deal of superstition as native to these ledges as the ill-smelling rockweed.

The towns-people were very poor when the old church was built. The actual amount of money given toward it was very small indeed. Hardly a person in town but contributed some material, however. In the northern part, close by a cove whose banks were mantled with beautiful moss, after the first few feet of cliff, and crowned with sturdy trees and straight, stalwart pines, lived a man noted for other things than generosity. The soliciting committee put off asking for his contribution until others had poured in and the church was a sure thing. Then they waited upon him and said: "Mr. Blank, we want that monster pine of yours for your contribution to the church, it will make an excellent sill; will you give it for your part?"

"Give my best pine tree, give any of my pine? No, sir. Not one of them shall come down."

Nothing could shake this determination. In less than a week arose one of the heaviest storms ever known on that coast. And not one of those proudest pines in the man's forest was left; and the tallest pine, the one wanted for a sill, was riven from top to bottom by the thunder-bolt.

## THE VETERAN'S STORY.

**His Escape from the Prison Pen at Salisbury, N. C.**

I was one of the crowd of Union prisoners which dug the long tunnel and escaped from the prison pen at Salisbury, N. C., said a veteran to a New York Sun writer. Those of us who had worked the hardest had the first show on the night when we broke through into the railroad cut. As fast as we got out we took different directions, as had been planned. I went up the Yadlin river, hoping to get into Virginia. I had a $20 gold piece—one which I had carried in my boot heel for three months unknown to any one. It was given me by a citizen of Salisbury in exchange for $5,000 worth of Confederate gold bonds.

I made fair progress to the North that night and the next day. As evening came again I was forced to stop at a farm-house and ask for something to eat. My request was readily granted, and when I rose to go the man of the house observed:

"Stranger, they say a lot of Yanks got clean out of the pen at Salisbury the other night."

"Is that so?"

"And they've scattered over the kentry like so many rabbits."

"Yes?"

"And they say that whoever brings one back gets a hundred dollars."

"Well?"

"Well, I reckon I'll hitch up to the cart and drive you back."

"What! Do you take me for an escaped Yankee prisoner?" I exclaimed.

"Sartin we do," replied the farmer and his wife in chorus.

"You are greatly mistaken. Would a Yankee prisoner have this about him?"

I laid the gold on the table. Perhaps it was the first twenty either had ever seen. It seemed a fortune to a poor family.

"I'm going to leave it with you," I continued. "You can give me some meat and meal and a bed-quilt for it."

They were perfectly satisfied of my identity and where I had come from, but the man held the gold in his hand and said:

"Mother, he'un can't be no Yank."

"In co'se he ain't," she replied. "He'un must be a Confederit contractor lookin' after hogs an' co'n."

"I reckon."

"An' it's our dooty to help he'un get through."

"Of co'se."

"Then you put up the stuff fur him, while I tell him the best route, an' in case any sojers call here an' ask if we'uns has seen any of them Yankee prisoners, we'uns is to say to they'uns that we'uns haven't seen a hair or heard a heot."

I was captured near Rochford and returned to the pen, but it was no fault of the people who gave me such a lift on my way.

**A Gallant Frenchman.**

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the recent regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was quite vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items of personal description: Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing.


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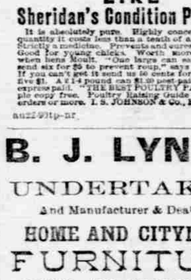


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## A BEGGAR'S HISTORY.

### The Queer Tale Told by a Female Organ-Grinder.

**She Claims to Be a Descendant of a Noble Russian Family—Her Descent in the Social Scale Due to a Romantic Attachment.**

The old woman who plays the hand-organ at the corner of Ninth and Vine streets has a history, according to the Philadelphia correspondent of the Chicago Times. "I was born," she said, "on the 4th day of August, 1817, in Werinland, Sweden, and am now, you see, seventy-three years of age. My name is Anna Svenson. That is not my full name, but is enough and will do. Our family name was well known in Sweden, and also in Russia; in fact, our family is Russian.

"In the time of Catherine our family estates were of the largest held by the nobility. My mother was a direct descendant of the Vasa dynasty. I never knew her, as she died when I was born. You see that on my mother's side I am of royal lineage, and on my father's side I descended from the proudest of Russian aristocracy. My father was a proud man, morose and stern in the extreme. The soldiers in their summer camp at Vishy, whom he commanded, would often be flogged by his orders for some trifling offense.

"I remember little of Werinland, for as a child my time was passed in the school at Stockholm, and as a young lady I was at court more than anywhere else. When I was twenty years old we were at our Stockholm home, and daily in attendance at the palace, or at Drottningholm. I was the especial favorite of Princess Eugenie. I was constantly her companion. She loved me and spoke to me as I think my mother would have done. There was at court at that time a nobleman named Baron Piegren, of high rank, but as poor as a beggar. He had a son Carl, a Captain in the navy, whom I had met at court balls and receptions. Carl and I during that summer met very often. We walked and talked and rowed together until I found that I loved him.

"Princess Eugenie said to me one day: 'Ah, my dear, this love of Carl's will give you trouble some day.' I smiled at her, but thought nothing of it. But one day at Drottningholm Carl told me that he would at once speak to my father. I blushed, but I said: 'Yes, do so,' and he went away happy. Poor Carl! I don't know what passed between him and my father, but on the next evening my father sent for me to come in the library. I went there; he was tall, cold, stern: a man of iron. 'So, so, my little Countess,' he laughed, 'you love Carl, do you? Well, well, I'll soon stop that,' and then he began to tell me how poor Carl was, that he wanted simply my money, that he was a drinking man, a bad man. Oh! how that night comes back to me.

"I never said a word in answer; simply stood there trembling from head to foot. At length my father stopped and putting his hand heavily on my shoulder he said: 'Go to your room; you shall never marry Carl Piegren, never.' Carl met me the next day in the garden. He was haggard and pale. 'You know all,' he said, and then, without waiting for an answer, he urged me to leave Sweden—to go with him to America to build a little home there in the land of the free. I would not. I could not. I respected my father. I did not want him to curse me. Then Carl left me and I never saw him again. A few days afterward they found him on the beach at Waxholm dead, with a bullet in his heart. They never knew whether he killed himself or was murdered.

"I lived on. I was alone, that was all. One day father told me I was to marry. He had a husband for me. I refused to obey him: then, in his passion, he struck me, and as I lay on the ground he told me he would kill me as he did Carl. He stopped as he said that and then quickly, with a white, drawn face, he left me alone.

"My father was a murderer!

"I left the house that night and Sweden shortly afterward; first I went to London and then I came to this country. I saw notices about my strange disappearance in the papers, but I wanted only to die. I went through your rebellion as a nurse in the South. Then I wandered from one place to another, and I descended still lower and lower in the social scale, until now I am what you see me.

"Little do the people who give me a cent for my poor organ music think that once I was a belle of the old world's nobility; that I danced with Kings, and that the blood of a Vasa is running in my veins."

## HE LOST THE TRAIL.

**A Yankee's Adventure in the New, Very New, South.**

The prevalent practice of building cities on paper, where more substantial material is wanting, seems to have reached its height in a certain locality in the South, which was recently visited by a Maine man, who relates, in the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, an amusing incident of his trip.

The "city" is at a famous railway junction, and high expectations are entertained of its future greatness, especially by the original "city company." On its map may be seen magnificent avenues intersected by broad streets, with here and there spacious parks, beautiful fountains, etc.

It happened during his stay that the man from Maine had occasion to go in search of a person on a dark night. Being unfamiliar with the "city," he was accompanied by one of its original founders. With a lantern to throw light on their path they started. After walking a short distance the guide, with a view of communicating instruction as well as agreeable information, stopped in the neighborhood of a group of towering pines. Swinging the lantern slowly around, he said:

"Here we are, stranger, right on Magnolia avenue—a fine street, one hundred feet wide."

Proceeding a little way further, he remarked:

"This is Broad street—an excellent thoroughfare for business purposes. Just beyond is Highland avenue, on which are fine sites for private residences."

The stranger began looking for these sites, but owing to the darkness was unable to distinguish them. After stumbling on, up and down ravines, over stumps and other obstacles peculiar to more than one Southern metropolis, the guide again stopped and remarked, with some hesitation:

"This, sir, is—ah!—let me see—I—I believe, sir—that is to say—cuss it! I've lost the trail!"

**Thackeray's Unpublished Poem.**

A New Yorker who was lately in London saw there a remarkable poem by Thackeray that has never been printed and is now in the possession of the eminent surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson. Thackeray, who was ill when he wrote it, was a patient of this surgeon, and the poem is a series of daily sketches of the progress of his case, all of them written in the most satirical vein, and many of them while he was in acute pain. The New Yorker who saw Thackeray's manuscript, and has been telling his friends about it, says that the famous satirist "surpassed himself" in this production, but its possessor will not permit its publication for reasons satisfactory to himself.


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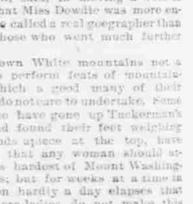


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## MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

### Women Who Have Recently Won Considerable Distinction.

**Feats Accomplished by a Clever Traveler and His Wife—Mrs. Bullock's Adventures in Asia—Explored by Miss Dowie.**

Several women have won considerable distinction within the past few years in the way of mountain climbing, says the New York Sun. Mount Logan, the great summit on the mountain range of the Pacific Co. near the west coast of Alaska was recently ascended by a female traveler and his wife, who made the ascent among the Rube mountains that have been such a terror to all explorers. These people have been regarded as a mysterious people simply because they were not known. Several men have tried in vain to penetrate the interior portion of the island and ascend the mountains, but a European woman was in the first party that got to the top.

Another remarkable journey, of which news has just come, is that of Miss Littledale and her husband, who have crossed the great Central Asiatic range of the Hindu Kush. Here are the highest peaks of the globe, though the chain of mountains, which a woman has now helped to conquer, has attracted less attention than the Himalayan range lying to the East, on account of its inaccessibility and the supposed hostility of the tribes. The only explorers who have been in this region are native Indian surveyors, sent out by the British government in the guise of soldiers and merchants, and we have depended upon their reports for our information about this country.

It is not yet known how Mr. and Mrs. Littledale succeeded in getting over these mountains, but a telegram from Calcutta announces that their journey has been safely completed. They crossed the mountains at a point a little northwest of Gushmere. This is accomplished the first time in General Asia that a white woman was with the party which did the pioneer exploring in a region that was supposed to be impassable to white men.

The most remarkable woman climber of the past year is Miss Mene Dowie, an adventursome Scotch girl, who spent the summer traveling alone among the Carpathian mountains, in the northeastern part of Austro-Hungary, on horseback and on foot, with no companion except the peasant who attended her. For ten weeks in this wild region she lived among the Galician peasantry, conversing entirely to their ways of life. Night after night, when up in the high mountains, she slept in the open air, wrapped only in a rough cloak. She had come to know now and then in her solitude that wildcats, bears and wolves exist in considerable number in the Carpathians, and are rather more curious to find out all about a stranger than was comfortable for her. But she says there is no real obstacle to a girl traveling alone from London to the Russian frontier.

Probably not one girl in ten thousand, however, would think there was any fun in traveling as Miss Dowie did. She seldom wore shoes when climbing the mountains, for they were slippery, and she found she could ascend a steep slope in greater comfort barefoot, with her footgear slung around her neck. She met with a number of accidents, and was very near drowned once while bathing. But she returned home very brown and healthy and very enthusiastic over her unique summer tour. She says she is going back to Galicia again, but she hopes that her description of the journey will not induce any other girl to follow her example, for the hardships of the journey, she thinks, would in most cases more than offset its pleasant and romantic features. She says no one can travel among this mountain peasantry without believing that Poland will one day be on her feet again. The people cling to their love of the old nationality and have unshaken faith that Poland will one day again wear its crown.

The young lady read a paper on her summer's adventures before the British Association. The paper showed how admirably a young lady may study geography, for it was full of interesting information, and the great geographer, Ravenstein, said, in moving a vote of thanks, that Miss Dowdie was more entitled to be called a real geographer than many of those who went much further afield.

In our own White mountains not a few ladies perform feats of mountaineering which a good many of their brethren do not care to undertake. Some people